THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE IRISH FLAX.

Miss Banim Holds That All of Ireland is Admirably Adapted for the Cultivation of the Great Cereal.

Something About the Flax Trade of Flanders—Beautiful Growing Crops.

FLAX CULTURE.

In a letter recently published in the *Freeman's Journal* it has been stated that the late Prof. O'Sullivan, having tested the soil of the flax producing countries of the Continent of Europe, that of some seventeen of the United States of America, as well as that of each province in Ireland, gave, as the result of his experiments the opinion that the Irish soil and climate were at least equal to those of any other country for flax produce, the provinces of Munster and Connacht eminently so. In the "Annual Report of the Flax Supply Association for the Improvement of the Culture of Flax in Ireland," published last year, is given the produce per acre each province. Except in Ulster—the least suitable for the crop of the four provinces—there is now very little flax sown in any part of the country, but the report shows how superior would be the yield in Munster, and next in Connacht, if the farmers were encouraged to return to flax culture. Ulster yields 28.12 stones per acre; Leinster, 32.00; Connacht, 35.77; Munster, 38.34

The principal encouragement the farmers require is to have what exists in Belgium—that is, a ready market for their crop when they, having prepared the land, have sown the flax and weeded and cared it up to the point when it is ready for pulling; that is all that should be required from them—and why should not the buyer be as well able to go through the Irish fields and buy "on foot" as in Belgium, where he makes it his business to go through the flax districts for that purpose?

As in parts of Ireland there are many who have never seen the flax grow it may be interesting to give a little sketch of one of the prettiest cereals we have. I myself have never seen it in bloom in Ireland; I must, then, bring to mind one of those brilliant early summer days in Flanders, when the sudden bursting forth of fresh young vegetation makes even that flattest of countries so beautiful that one ceases for the time to feel the want of scenery, the whole land looks so young, so sunny, so full of promise. Amid all the tender greens we are attracted to patches—small patches here and there—of a peculiar golden green, soft and uniform of surface as velvet. These are

THE FLAX FIELDS;

they are only comparatively small patches, because each peasant's holding is very limited, yet all are desirous of having a piece of land under this remunerative crop, and I learned from the farmers that the landlords always stipulate in their agreements that flax must only be sown once in so many years in any one spot. This, because it is a crop that, without such precautions, would exhaust the land so much that it would soon be worked out of heart. Soon, as we passed the fields in the early morning we see long rows of women, in their heavy sabots and coarse working garb, kneeling on the beautiful green carpet, carefully picking every tiny weed from among the tender stalks, and thus slowly traveling over the whole field, which looks for a while as if all its life had been crushed down, yet it springs again, fresh and green, and then we suddenly see it one morning a sheet of delicate blue flowers that rival the cloudless sky overhead. Often this pretty sight is side by side with a field of colza in full bloom, one brilliant mass of gold. The colza, from which the fine oil is obtained, is in appearance like a field thickly covered with what our people call wild rape or preshage (I spell by sound), and is, I think, of the same family. Nothing can be prettier than two of these fields side by side and in full bloom. The blue flax flower lasts but a short time, then the seed pods form rapidly, and the plant has to be watched carefully that it may be pulled at the right period and before it ripens too much, as a great deal depends upon pulling at the proper moment. Then come various processes—drying, steeping—when the river runs black (its fish have been poisoned by the flax long ago), and the air is full of an odor something between the smell of a tallow chandlery and a strong sulphur bath, yet, I am told, anything but an unwholesome odor; other work is to be done, too, before the long, flexible fibre is ready to be packed and sent in these sweet smelling bales to the spinning mill in Belfast, where we now find it.

The visitor to the York street establishment will first be shown the immense engine that works away so steadily, so determinedly, setting going the whole intricate machinery of the place. On it goes, and one unaccustomed to machinery watches it, so fascinated in wonder over the extraordinary power that gradually it seems to lose the character of a senseless object, and appears to be a huge living thing, moving with a will and a dogged determination of its own. As I visited various mills and factories, and always for the time felt the same fascination, it seemed to me that the men who watch and tend these creatures (I really almost look upon them as such) had come in some way to have a fond admiration and friendship for their engines, and to regard them much as I could not help doing—as

LIVING BEINGS,

upon whose strength and good will depended the well being of the whole establishment.

It is strange what a longing to understand the mysteries of all the varied machinery grows upon one hour in these factories; what admiration and respect one gradually acquires—in the first place, for the brains that from crude beginnings, invented, developed, perfected these wonderful mechanisms that can, by a touch, do what it would take us long hours to accomplish; in the second place, for the operatives who have mastered the working of these mysterious engines, and who could teach us so much. I actually felt machine-bitten, looking and watching and vainly endeavoring to gain even a faint insight into hows and whys and wherefores, and wanting to remain hours by each machine to try and study its movements. And this feeling must, I think, be common to many. Upon one occasion my attention was divided between a great locomotive and our guide through a large factory. The gentleman, forgetful of all else, stood and gazed at the engine with an absorbed, loving look on his face—went near it, and far from it, and around it, and at last, to my horror, disappeared through the ground beside it—gone below, as he afterwards explained, the better to examine some of the mechanism. But I had somewhere read or heard of a man's being drawn by a strange fascination into making a holocaust of himself in some way, and I suffered severely until our guide reappeared. There is only one inconvenience attending such visits to factories, and of that I think persons should be warned. It is the constant change of atmosphere, from intense heat to cold draughts, and the consequent danger, to those unaccustomed to such variations, of catching severe colds. Having seen the engine, and, I hope, admired it (or her, as I believe I should say) sufficiently to win the engineer's good graces, the next visit will be to a well ventilated hall where a number of men are engaged in roughing or hackling the flax—that is, drawing it through coarse teeth set in a frame. This roughing gives the first loosening to the thread of the fibre, and the same time separates from it a vast quantity of the woody dust of the husk which remains after scutching. This must be an exceedingly unhealthy operation, for, as the men wear no mouth protecters of any kind, the sharp, fine dust penetrates the lungs in great quantities and produces lung disease in very many instances. Yet the men, I was told, will not wear respirators, and would not submit to rules compelling them to do so.

Next comes combing, which is much the same process as the last, only that the flax is combed or passed through much finer teeth than those used in roughing; it is exactly as one first combs the hair with the coarse end of a dressing comb, then, all tangles having been removed, uses the fine end to open out and clean the hair more thoroughly. Now the tow, or short, broken fibre is separated from the long and even parts, this tow being used for coarse canvas, such as sacking, etc. Then come the sorting and spreading, when the various sizes and textures are sorted and arranged according to length, etc., in neat rows of what an uninitiated person would call banks, these again to be packed in piles ready to be spun into yarn.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Literary Notes.

The tornado, with hardly an exception, occurs in the afternoon, just after the hottest part of the day. The time of greatest frequency is from 3:30 to 5 o'clock. The tornado season includes March, April, May, June, July, August, and September, but storms of this nature may occur in any part of the year. The months of greatest frequency, as determined from a record of 208 years, are April, May, June, and July. The single month of greatest frequency is May, April following next in order. The State in which the greatest number of tornadoes has occurred is Missouri, followed next in order by Kansas and Georgia. A record of more than 500 tornadoes and "windfalls" (*i. e.*, paths of tornadoes through forests) in Wisconsin, considerably exceeds the number from any other State, but little weight can be given this comparison, owing to the want of thorough investigation of the subject of windfalls in other States. From a careful investigation of the origin of tornadoes and their geographical distribution, there is every reason to believe that these storms were as frequent and violent 200 years ago as now. Moreover, there appears to be no cause for any unusual change in the annual frequency of tornadoes for a like period to come.—*Lieut. John P. Finley in the September Forum.*

"A Successful Man" is the title of what is probably the brightest American story—typically American—which has appeared for many years. It is a story of a life prominent in fashion and in politics, written by a member of New York's highest society who displays a genius as a writer destined to make her name famous—although she substitutes a "nom de plume" for her own well known one. "A Successful Man" will appear in two parts in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*—the first in the September issue—and is illustrated by Harry McVickar, the drawings being made from life from acting models who were guests and servants at a Long Island country house. A high type of American politician—a man having something of the characteristic of a Blaine, with a little of the Daniel Dougherty perhaps—is brought by chance into the close society of a Newport married belle—one of those women mated to wealth and manly beauty, with keen sympathies unsatisfied by the intellectual calibre of her husband.

The illustrated article on Minneapolis promised by the *New England Magazine* will make its appearance in the September issue. It is from the hand of Prof. W. W. Folwell, of the University of Minnesota, and among the illustrations are: Guaranty Loan Building, Central High School, Chamber of Commerce, Central Park, Falls of Minnehaha, Minnetonka Broadwater, Hotel Lafayette, West Hotel, old government flour mill, Post Office, City and County building, residence of W. D. Washburn, First Congregational church, First Baptist church, Plymouth Congregational church, Church of the Redeemer, Masonic Temple, Nicollet avenue illuminated, Samuel C. Gale's residence, Syndicate Block, Falls of St. Anthony, Minnehaha in winter, Public Library. The engravings have been executed in the highest style of the art and make the article as a whole one that Minneapolitans may well be proud of.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Resolutions Concerning Him Passed by Omaha Irishmen.

A meeting of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Douglas county, Nebraska, was held at Royal Arcanum hall, on Aug. 30, to pass appropriate resolutions on the death of John Boyle O'Reilly. John Rush was elected chairman and A. J. Taggert secretary. A committee of seven was appointed to prepare resolutions, and after a short consultation, submitted the following:

WHEREAS, Death has suddenly called a distinguished Irishman in the person of John Boyle O'Reilly; and,

WHEREAS, Our ancient and honored order has recognized in the deceased all the attributes which entitle him to our esteem, veneration and respect; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of John Boyle O'Reilly Ireland has lost another of those patriots who less than a generation ago showed their Spartan courage in their attempt to free their native land, thus earning each for himself the title of Irish felon, a term which commands the admiration of all the people of the world except those who apply it.

Resolved, That the world of literature has lost a bright and shining light, and that the works of O'Reilly are as imperishable and as dear to Irish hearts as those of a Moore or a Mitchel or a Davis.

Resolved, That the lofty purpose which animated our departed friend to become a rebel to English tyranny inspired him to love and protect the land of his adoption, so much so that all classes of citizens mourn his death.

Resolved, That to his wife and family we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy. Under any circumstances death is cruel and relentless, but in this instance, where health and strength and vitality were so manifest and death apparently so remote, the shock is doubly great. We therefore pray that while God may have mercy on the soul of the deceased, may He also extend His helping hand to sustain the surviving afflicted ones.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. O'Reilly, and that they be published in the local papers.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and Mr. Rush spoke at some length on the life and character of the deceased. Patrick Goven and E. J. Brennan also made remarks, which were listened to with great attention. There were fully 500 present at the meeting.

Col. Colby's Reception.

The men of the Hibernian Rifle Regiment to the number of 500 held a reunion last Saturday night at Fitzgerald's Hall, Adams and Halsted streets, the object of which was to tender a reception to Francis T. Colby, the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, on his return from across the Atlantic, after an absence of six weeks. The meeting was called to order by Col. T. L. Hartigan, who, in a neat speech, explained the object of the meeting and welcomed his comrade in a most friendly spirit to his command in the regiment. He then called on Col. Colby, amidst deafening cheers. When the cheering ceased Mr. Colby made an eloquent address, and gave an interesting account of his travels through England, and encouraged the men of the regiment to increase their numbers until they were 1,000 strong, and said he saw nothing equal to them in life and muscle among the red coats of her Britannic Majesty. Captains Lusk, Carroll, Lynch, Barry, O'Farrell, Jones and others made short addresses of welcome. The festivities, which consisted of music, recitations and songs, were kept up until midnight.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

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These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

IF you want to send money to your family in Ireland you should check it at the White Star Line office, 54 South Clark street. The place is considered the best and cheapest in the West. There is no discount on their checks.

GALLANT LIMERICK.

Speech of John Dillon Before 30,000 of His Countrymen in the Heroic City by the Shannon.

He Demolishes Bishop O'Dwyer and Defends the Boycott.

Following is the full text of Mr. John Dillon's speech at the great monster meeting in the city of Limerick, which condemned the policy of Bishop O'Dwyer of that diocese, on Sunday week:

Mr. John Dillon, on rising to address the meeting, was received with cheering that lasted several minutes. When quietness had been restored, he said: Mr. Chairman, ladies, and people of Munster, I do not believe that there ever has been seen on the soil of Ireland since the days of Daniel O'Connell (cheers) so great a gathering of the people of this country (cheers) as I have the honor of now addressing. It has been said by my friend, Mr. O'Keeffe, the worthy member for this city, that we are here today to defend our character (cheers). I thank him and all my friends in Limerick—old and true friends—who have stood by our side on many a hard-fought field (cheers)—I thank them for the courage they showed in standing up to defend our character; but so far as I myself am concerned

I NEVER HAD OCCASION TO DEFEND MY CHARACTER.

before the people of Ireland, and I never will (cheers). It would take a greater man than the Bishop of Limerick (groans) to put me on my defense (cheers). I tell you from my heart, and tell you the simple truth, when I say that if it were merely a question of my private character you would not see me here today. I would not come to Limerick today to defend my character or the character of any one of my colleagues. I come here to give to the people of Limerick and Munster the opportunity of judging between our policy and the policy of the bishop (cheers and groans). I come here to ask the people of Munster whether in politics—I speak not of religion—but whether in politics they are prepared to follow our leadership (cheers and cries of "We are") or the leadership of the Bishop of Limerick (no, and cheers). If the result of this meeting left the slightest doubt upon my mind as to the feeling of the people of Munster on this issue—that is, the political issue—you would hear of me no more in Irish politics. I say then, that the great significance of this meeting is this, that you are here in your tens of thousands (cheers) to tell the Irish nation and the scattered Irish race in millions all over the world, who will read of this meeting tomorrow, that

YOUR CONFIDENCE IN THE IRISH PARTY

is unshaken (loud cheers), and that you don't believe that we are swindlers and robbers of the people (cheers). You have been told that we are collecting money to put in our own pockets (no) and make profit out of this agitation (groans and no). Well, the people of Ireland will know what is the deliberate judgment of the Catholic people of Munster (loud cheers). I see around me today tens of thousands of people who are as devoted to the Catholic Church as any in the world, or as their fathers who had shed their blood and parted with every bit of property rather than forsake their religion (cheers). I see men around me who know what devotion means, and who are ready tomorrow, if the occasion demanded, to make the same sacrifices (loud cheers) which their fathers did for their religion (cheers). But while they are as devoted to the Catholic Church as any in the world ("and more so") they are as free in politics as any in the world (cheers), and they have proved on more than one occasion how well they know to draw the line between politics and religion (cheers) Well, I say you know how to draw the line between politics and religion; let me say this also that I scorn the man who talks of opposition between Irishmen's religion and Irishmen's politics (loud cheers). There is no opposition between them, and the man who is a good Catholic is a good Nationalist (cheers), and the best Nationalists are, to my own knowledge, very frequently the best Catholics, too (cheers). Many of these men who are finding fault with us today would, I think, if a bitter persecution came, be found deserting the church (hear, hear). They are what we might call fair weather religion people. Let me say just one word to state to you accurately what it is that gives rise to

THAT UNHAPPY CONTROVERSY

between myself and the members of the Irish Party on the one side and the Bishop of Limerick on the other (groans). I used some very strong language, which it might have been better for me not to have used to a man holding so high and sacred a position, but what I say is this, that I am not here to withdraw or explain anything whatever (loud cheers). I say this, that the people of Ireland—the Irish Catholics—should know exactly what occurred (hear, hear). I used that language in reference to one single act of the Bishop's, and that was just when he wrote a letter to the *Freeman's Journal* to justify the evictions of the Glensharroid tenants (groans), and to state that these poor people deserved no public sympathy in their misfortune (groans). When I read that letter in the *Freeman*, side by side with the account of the eviction, I must confess it made my blood boil (cheers) to think that a Catholic could be found in Ireland, no matter what were the merits of the case, to justify the evictions of his own people. Well, I used very strong epithets in characterizing that act, and I still believe that I was justified in using that language (cheers). But it is perfectly open to debate whether I was justified or not in that opinion. Since I used that language the Bishop (groans) has published an extraordinary denouncement, in which he charges not only myself, but all the members of the Irish party who have worked along with me in the Plan of Campaign with a variety of detestable crimes, and has made villainous charges much of the same character as those which have been levelled against our party by the most ignorant and rabid of the Tory party in England, and by the late lamented *Times* newspaper (laughter and cheers). Well, I must confess that it did occur to me that in the face of the multitude of enemies by whom we are surrounded, and in view of the abuse and obloquy which has been hurled upon our heads by the traditional and cruel

ENEMIES OF OUR RACE,

in consequence of the struggle we have made to defend our cause, that the Bishop of Limerick (groans) might have left it to Mr. Balfour and the *Times* newspaper (groans) to blacken our characters, and to accuse us of sordid and base motives without adding one other to the long and sad list of Irishmen who could find no better occupation for their talents than that of blackening and defaming their own countrymen (cheers). Well, for my part, I have not the slightest intention of entering into a controversy with his lordship. The issue between us is an exceedingly simple one. I, on my part, have done nothing but condemn an act which to me appears to be a baneful and outrageous one for a Catholic bishop to do (loud cheers). High and sacred as his office is, I say that so long as I possess the confidence of the Irish people I am justified in expressing my opinion on any act committed by his lordship when he becomes a politician and takes an active part in politics (cheers). On the other hand, his lordship has stated deliberately to the people of Ireland in a written letter that in his opinion I and, recollect, other members of our party with whom he had no quarrel whatever, were swindlers of the lowest type, and men who did not hesitate to plunder the poor for their own benefit (loud groans), men who were false to their pledges, false to their country, and deserving of the execration of all mankind (renewed groaning). That is the deliberate opinion of the Bishop of Limerick, and, as I said already, it is for the Irish people to judge between us (prolonged cheering). The only thing I shall say further in reference to the painful incident is this, that while it is to all of us, to you, I am sure, as it is to me, a most painful and humiliating thing to find even one Irish Catholic Bishop capable of such acts and uttering such words at the present day, we have at least this consolation, that there never was a time in the history of the Irish national struggle when

THE IRISH EPISCOPACY.

was so united and sound (loud cheers), and that the appeal which Dr. O'Dwyer addressed to the other bishops of Ireland to stand by his side against that execrable ruffian, John Dillon (prolonged cheering), that appeal has not been answered, and it will not be answered (renewed cheers), for there is not one bishop in Ireland who will take his stand by the side of Dr. O'Dwyer and adopt his sentiments (enthusiastic cheers) The day is gone by, and I thank God for it, when any one can sow dissension between the religion of the Irish people and the nationality of the Irish people, which it has always been our proudest boast, have been kept in harmony, bound together by links which no government and no coercion can tear asunder (cheers) The religion and nationality of the Irish people are bound to day by stronger bonds than ever, which no power, whether it be a Catholic bishop or a coercion government, will ever sunder (cheers). I wish to say a few words now in reference to another matter, and a matter, in my judgment, more important than that about which I have been speaking to you, that is about a practice which I think is pretty well known to you, and which I may characterize as an old friend in this country, and that is the practice of boycotting.

A voice—It is a good friend.

Mr. Dillon—I hear a voice in the crowd say that boycotting is a good friend. It is a good friend (cheers) It has been a good friend to many a man going out of his home in Ireland (renewed cheering).

BOYCOTTING

has been condemned in this district in exceedingly strong language, and I think it is only fair for me, who have always advocated that practice and defended it, to say a word or two on the subject of this good old friend of the Irish people (laughter). The practice of boycotting is one which, of course, can be grossly abused, and no doubt it has often been grossly abused, but that is no argument against its use for just ends, and to defend the rights of the people (hear, hear) War itself is often abused for the base purposes of human greed and oppression, but that does not detract an iota from the glory of those immortal struggles made for justice and human liberty, when some great cause has been sanctified by human blood shed in its defense. So it is exactly with the practice of boycotting. Boycotting is the war of unarmed people, and while nothing can be more mean and contemptible than boycotting for private spite or base or mean ends, boycotting wisely used and wisely controlled, used for the vindication of right and the enforcement of justice, has proved a most effective weapon in the service of the Irish people (cheers.) It has enabled a people crushed to the earth by an unexampled and complicated machinery of tyranny to rise to their feet and advance rapidly along the upward path of social and political progress. Looking back over the past ten years of the struggle in Ireland, ten years so rich in advance for the national cause of Ireland and the social emancipation of our people, I say deliberately and with the full knowledge which comes from intimate acquaintance with the facts, that but for the weapon of boycotting no single step could have been taken that has been in the cause of the people, and nothing could have been achieved of the vast advances which have been made since the year 1880. But for boycotting we would never have had the act of 1881. There would never have been an Arrears act, and the land commissioners, when they were appointed, would never, but for the fear of boycotting, have given you one shilling of reduction on your rents (cheers.) But for that mighty weapon farms would be letting at the old very high rents, and the landgrabber would be in as good health as he used to be, and as plentiful (groans.) Do you suppose that without boycotting the land courts would have given you reduction? Nothing of the sort. And but for boycotting what would be the course of the administration of the Purchase act? People are now beginning to forget

WHAT THE PRACTICE OF BOYCOTTING HAS DONE

for them. When we commenced boycotting in Ireland every vacant farm had half a dozen men looking after it, bidding against the old owner, and if you had a Purchase Act tomorrow in Ireland without boycotting, and with the land-grabber in abundance, what price I would like to know would you have to pay for your farms? Why, what is the salvation of Irish people today? (A voice, "Boycotting.") The salvation of the Irish people is this, that there is only the one buyer for each farm, and that when the man who is on the farm does not like the price then he can wait until the price comes down (cheers). And I say that if boycotting was stopped tomorrow, and land-grabbing allowed again, that the Purchase Act would be the curse of the people. Well, now if it be true that boycotting has done all this for the people of Ireland, and that it is perfectly free from all association with crime, then I ask the people of Ireland are they going to part with this good and old tried weapon (cries of "No" and cheers). Let them judge for themselves. But this I will say in conclusion, for there are others to come after me you will be anxious to hear, that for my part I confess that it fills me with disgust and contempt that men who have never made one sacrifice for the National cause, who have never raised a finger to save the roof tree over one Irish tenant, and who staid at their fires while we were facing the elements and the batons of Balfour's policemen, should find nothing better to do than to criticise and abuse us. If they find fault with our motives let them come down and propose something better. Let them take the leadership from us if they are prepared to go through what we have gone through, and are prepared to do better than we have done. Let them come forward, but, so long as their contribution to the cause of Ireland and to the cause of the Irish tenants is to sit by their fires and be praised by the Clarinas and Delmeges and Gaston Monsells (cheers) of this country, I say they have no right to speak in the name of the people of Ireland, and that if they do speak the people of Ireland will give no heed to them (loud cheers).

GAELIC ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

The county Kildare Gaels propose to hold a championship to repair the monument over the grave of Wolfe Tone.

Moylough, on the 17th inst., was the scene of a splendid football match, the competing clubs being Moylough Sarsfields v. Kilkerrin United Brothers. Result, Kilkerrin 1 point and Moylough nil.

On Aug. 17th a football tournament, under the auspices of the Shamrock Club, was held in Cortoon in presence of a large concourse of spectators. Three teams put in an appearance, namely—Tuam Stars, Killererin John Dillons, and Cloonberne Davitts. The first to cross hands were the home team and the Stars; 5 points for the Stars to 2 points for the Shamrocks. Cloonberne Davitts v. John Dillons. Score, Davitts 1 point, Dillons nil.

In the inter county contest between Antrim v. Armagh, played at Lisburn, Antrim routed Armagh by 3 goals and 17 points to nil. Mr. James Weldon, H. C., Drogheda, refereed.

A very fine football match was played between Ballymacoda and Gortroe at the latter place, when the score stood—Ballymacoda 1 goal 2 points and a disputed point; Gortroe 1 goal. Mr. J. Kinlery (Youghal) acted as referee.

Gaelic Athletic Sports in Chicago.

[*To the Editor.*]

SIR: I shall feel much obliged if you will allow me through the columns of THE CITIZEN to offer a few remarks on the above subject. There is one phase of the question of Gaelic athletics to which I should wish here to draw special attention. The games that have been played were, on the whole, very creditable; still there was something that might be objected to. The teams, while playing, should preserve more discipline and harmony. There is too much quarreling about matters which are often only trivial. It only wastes time, and makes it tiresome and unpleasant for the spectators. Then there is sometimes unbecoming language by some of the men; and really a few men always cause this trouble, because the people interested are, with few exceptions, as intelligent and respectable as they are athletic.

No harm, of course, is meant by those parties, but it must be remembered that there are ladies and gentlemen present who would be turned away by the use of profane language. I should very probably not say anything about this matter if I were the only person who had noticed it, but it has been commented on by several. It would be well, I think, if the officers of clubs considered those matters, and impressed on the members that harmony and not antagonism must, in all cases, prevail. As secretary of the Central Council, I can say that this is one thing to which that body will give particular attention. Hoping these remarks will be considered in the same spirit they are made,

I am, sir, yours respectfully,
RICHARD W. WOLFE.

Presto! Change! Gray and faded beards made to assume their original color by applying Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails to satisfy.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER III.

EUGENE'S DAGGER.

The information which Redmond gave his friend as to the wounded man the previous night we may shortly state here.

Sir Trevor Mortimer was the son of a Scotch gentleman who held high position in the Castle of Dublin. By the death of an uncle he had recently become possessed of a large but encumbered property both in England and Ireland in his own right; but having lived so long in Dublin and become accustomed to its society, he had resolved on making it his home. He had met Helen and her brother at one of balls in Merrion square, and thereafter a friendship grew up between them, which gradually ripened into an engagement between himself and the young girl.

Her brother looked with approbation on the relationship that thus sprang up, and was very much pleased when this formal engagement was entered into between them.

Possessor of property and position, and and moving in the best circles of Dublin society, Sir Trevor Mortimer was considered on all hands to be an excellent match for his handsome sister. For though by no means highly gifted with good looks—and, indeed, regarded by some as possessed of a rather sinister expression of the eyes—Sir Trevor's manners were so polished and so winning, his voice was so soft, so courteous, and deferential, that one forgot in his presence the absence of prepossessingness in his countenance, and thought only of the charm and attractiveness of his conversation. He was essentially a man fitted to make an impression on women's hearts, and no one was surprised when the engagement between himself and Helen became formally known.

The wedding was to take place some time early in the ensuing year, and was intended to be a time of great festivities at Seamore. There was no particular day fixed, but it was generally understood by Redmond himself, and Helen, that it should not be long delayed. Under the circumstances he was a constant visitor, and much of his time was spent in Seamore.

In company with Mortimer and Redmond the two girls' lives were passing very pleasantly. Occasional rides into the beautiful country surrounding the mansion, occasional yachting excursions into the bay, and occasional visits to the theatres in the city combined to make their lives pass in the happiest manner. Not the smallest cloud of sorrow came to darken the quiet homeliness and happiness of their lives—not until now, when this singular and unexpected sorrow had swooped suddenly down upon them.

Who struck the blow—what spirit of ill-will or vengeance prompted it—was a profound mystery to Redmond. He turned on his bed restlessly in vain imaginings as to the cause; but he only tortured himself uselessly.

Finally he fell asleep. Curiously enough, in vague dreamings, he in some way associated his new found acquaintance with the deed; and he started up, once when he dreamt that he saw the arm of Eugene raised to strike his friend—only to find the former bending over him.

"You have had a disturbed sleep," said the latter.

"Oh! Is that you, Eugene?" asked Redmond, more disturbed in his waking moments than even in his dreams, so surprised was he to find the visitor there. "You are risen early."

"Or, rather, late. Do you know what hour it is?"

"No."

"It is well nigh noon."

"I did not think I had slept so long. How is Mortimer?"

"Much better."

"Conscious?"

"Yes, partly so. The wound was not very deep. His thick coat probably saved him."

"I am heartily glad to hear that," said Redmond, raising himself on his elbow.

"Yes, and the oddest thing in connection with the matter is that he seems to have been struck by a dagger which I carried."

"That you carried," said Redmond, with a curious look of doubt depicted on his countenance.

"So it seems," said the other coldly, as he noticed this expression, which had all the appearance of strange distrust. "I must have dropped it when crossing the wall, I told you of last night."

"Did you see any person near at the time?"

"Well, I certainly thought I heard voices as I approached, but the shrubs might have hidden them, for I saw no sign of them when I came near."

"Was there anything particular to attract your attention?"

"Well, yes, now that I recall it. I was chiefly attracted by the sound of a girl's voice, which impressed itself upon me by the fact that it spoke in a French manner and accent."

"Of course you heard none of the words."

"Yes, I did; I remember, just as I was descending the wall, the words, spoken apparently in anger, 'I never married you,' or 'it was a mock marriage,' or something of that kind."

"Some quarreling folk, I suppose."

"I daresay they were."

"But Sir Trevor had no connection with them. Why should he be struck down?"

"There you put a question which I should find it difficult to answer—or perhaps himself. Angry people often strike a blow in mistake, and an infuriated person finding my skean ready to hand might have struck a blow at a chance passer by, mistaking him for the proper party. The words 'it was a mock marriage,' or 'I never married you,' indicated a family quarrel of which he was the innocent sufferer."

"It is very strange and unaccountable," said Redmond dubiously, as as he arose and proceeded to dress himself."

CHAPTER IV.

FOREBODINGS

The surprises and annoyances of the previous night were succeeded by a day of rejoicing when it was found that Trevor Mortimer's wound had not been as dangerous as was anticipated.

Helen rose early and learned the good news with rapturous delight. She hurried from her own apartment to that of Redmond to bear him the glad tidings. On the way past the drawingroom door a slight movement therein attracted her attention, and, thinking it might be her brother who had already arisen, she turned aside and entered.

It was not Redmond, however; it was the stranger. He was kneeling before the little oaken cabinet already referred to, and was apparently essaying to open it. She stood for a moment undecided what to do—finally resolving to retire quietly; but the rustle of her dress caught on his ear. He turned on his heel, and at once stood up.

The feeling with which Helen perceived him was largely blended with something akin to distrust—if so unsuspecting a nature could possess it; but this was quickly banished by the frank, open manner in which he approached her.

"I have been trying, my dear Miss Barrington," he said, advancing towards her with outstretched hand, "whether my memory is as faithful as I thought it. I was vain enough to say to Grannie last night that I could open this cabinet after sixteen years' absence, and I was trying to see if I could make my words good. I find I cannot. But I find I am speaking without introducing myself. Permit me to say, then, that I am an old though unremembered friend, who, for the first time in many years, found occasion to visit old scenes of happiness, and availed himself of it—Eugene Lefebre."

"You are welcome to Seamore," said Helen, accepting the proffered hand with a strange and unaccountable beating at her heart, "and I have to thank you for your assistance last night in our trouble."

"I fancied you did not, in the confusion, notice me," said the stranger with a courtesy and grace which impressed her curiously. "It was not a time for introduction, so I meant to present myself to you on the first available opportunity, and I am glad it has arisen now."

"It is a long time since you were here before," said Helen in her embarrassment, not knowing what else to say.

"It is not very far from twenty years, and that is a long space in one's lifetime. I scarcely remember you as a child. I suppose you do not remember me?"

"No; I was so very young then."

"Possibly you may have heard of me. I should be sorry to think that the little boy whose young life was made so happy here should have been quite forgotten."

"You were not forgotten," said Helen, with a slight palpitation of the heart, as she remembered the curious story in which his name was for the first time brought under her notice.

"I am delighted to hear that," he said, with some fervor. "I am glad indeed—heartily, truly glad—that the memory of the child was not altogether lost, who once was so happy and so welcome here."

"And who is equally welcome now, though those whom he knew and who loved him are not here to receive him," said Helen, with a tremble in her voice and a changing of color that showed how earnest were her words. He was indeed welcome to her—welcome because that it had been more than a home to him when a child, and that he was loved and beloved as one by those so dear, now sleeping in their quiet graves.

"I never had any doubt of that," he said softly, and with a tenderness that won upon her, "even when thousands of miles lay between me and Seamore. And yet I doubt if I would have come had I known that those I knew and loved were gone—that those dear to me—were no longer here. I did not anticipate such changes."

The tears welled into the young girl's eyes, and her lips trembled. Her heart was too full for speaking.

"I am glad, however, now that I have come," he continued after a pause, "for it brings me into the knowledge and acquaintanceship of those that I am delighted to know and shall soon forget."

"You were very kind to us in our trouble last night," said Helen, to whom these latter words of his brought considerable embarrassment. She felt instinctively that the conversation was growing too delicate as between a young girl and an almost stranger; and as she raised her eyes to his handsome face and kindling black eyes the feeling became stronger. Wherefore she sought to change the conversation.

"Unfortunately," said he, "my life has been cast amid scenes where sights of that class were far from uncommon, and I was possibly enabled to be of more assistance than I could be under other circumstances or than can happen again during my short stay."

"But you are not going away shortly; you are," said Helen warmly, "going to remain with us a long time. Redmond will be delighted with your presence, and," said she, smiling, "your visit has been so long delayed that it is only a good stay can make amends for it."

"It was your mother's voice spoke there, Miss Barrington," said the Frenchman smiling in response, "and I shall be happy to enjoy your hospitality in what I used to call my old home—Seamore. But," he added, as a shade of thoughtful seriousness crossed his face "my movements are not my own; and there is an old maxim 'that those that are bound must obey.'"

"But you are not bound here, Mr. Lefebre. You have no cares of business here."

"Duty follows one, dear Miss Barrington, in every quarter of the world—and if one forgot it, the French nation, whom I have the honor to serve, knows how to compel it."

"You are in the French service?"

"Yes; I merely mentioned the matter in order that it might not be forgotten. The two countries being at war does not render it the more pleasant to dwell in Ireland at present, Miss Barrington; and whilst I should not like to be a visitor here without being perfectly frank in saying this much, it would make the time here pass pleasanter that, being known, it were forgotten or left unmentioned."

"It shall not be mentioned outside this house you may depend, Mr. Lefebre," said Helen, this little tribute of confidence having the effect of putting her more at her ease with him.

"I should not have come in uniform—I just landed from a skiff on the coast outside—did I not know I came among friends, and, perhaps, there was also the vanity lurking in my breast to let the dear old friends I thought I should meet here see what the little boy they had once welcomed had grown into. It was," he said with some embarrassment, "a natural feeling, and one not to be, perhaps, ashamed of."

Helen was silent; and as she looked upon him was inclined to think that if the motive was not one to be ashamed of, neither most certainly was the speaker; for, as he stood before her, he seemed to her, the very embodiment of whatever was brave, handsome, and chivalrous. She was already beginning to look upon him in the light of an old friend rather than a stranger, wholly unknown until last night.

"And as I have said so much, Miss Barrington, perhaps I may also say a little more. Whether my stay be long or short—long with your delightful invitation, or short at the call of those whom my services are due—I would ask you to take me on trust for what I am. If anything seems to you in me or my movements strang or unusual, or—perhaps I may use the word—distrustful, always remember that what I was, when a little boy I played under yonder trees in the orchard, that I am in all respects, today—in all essentials. The world is full of mysteries, dear Miss Barrington, whether men make them for themselves or they are made for them."

Helen listened to this statement but imperfectly conceiving its meaning. What it meant or foreboded she could not and did not try to guess, but as if by some curious incidence there flashed upon her mind the warning words:

"An' now, honey, be led and said by me, an' take no notice of him more than ov an old friend that comes on a visit for a few days. Luck nor grace don't come of Holly Eve games, an' on that account have nothing to say to him. A girl's heart is aisily changed, an' it would be the sore day if you let it turn from Trevor Mortimer, who loves the ground you walk upon."

It took some time on the previous night for Cauth to say this much, but it flashed through Helen's mind whilst the young Frenchman was saying his concluding words. Conscious that she had been inhospitably silent, and that some reply was expected from her, she said at last:

"We shall be delighted if you can prolong your stay with us, Mr. Lefebre, and shall look upon your visit as doubly pleasant because of those to whom you were once dear and welcome."

"Thanks, Miss Barrington. And now, as I have probably detained you from other matters, I shall, with your permission, pay a visit to your brother."

"I was about going there myself," said Helen; "but, as you will be a more welcome bearer of the good news, I shall resign the mission in your favor."

With which genial leave-taking she left the apartment, and proceeded to see the housekeeper. But she had scarcely parted from him than an inexplicable feeling of dread and insecurity and evil forebodements sprung up in her breast, which she could not account for, and which caused a quicker pulsing at her heart.

Eugene Letebre, when she had left, walked over to the window looking out on the orchard, and thence over the distant seas. There was a white hand over the latter, and the horizon in consequence was limited. If he wished or expected to see anything thereon, there was nothing visible—and so, after a few minutes observation, he left the room and proceeded to that of Redmond, who was still sound asleep.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

JOHN DALY.

Messrs. William Abraham, M. P., and John O'Connor, M.P., visited John Daly at Chatham prison. The visit took place in the deputy governor's office, with the deputy governor only present. This was a change from the former custom, when visits were held in the ordinary caged apartment, with a warder between the visitors and the prisoner. Mr. Daly looked well, and said he was better than he expected to be after the treatment he experienced at the hands of the officials. He complained of dyspepsia and of repeated attacks of pain in his left side. The visitors were told that no allusion to the recent inquiry or to the debate in the house of commons would be allowed, and this warning was attended to by them. Mr. Daly made several ineffectual attempts to refer to the subject, but was promptly ordered to desist on each occasion that he mentioned it. He complained that no change had taken place in his treatment, at least since the inquiry, and that he had been exempted from the benefit of any alteration or alleviation of the rules regarding the prisoners whose treatment was inquired into. He said that he had been very ill more than once, but had declined to take any medicine from the prison officials. On being asked to change his mind in this respect on the assurance of his friends that no harm need now be feared, he steadfastly declined, saying he would rather die than ever again take medicine compounded in that prison. Mr. Daly said he was gratified beyond anything he could express that he had not been forgotten by his people outside, and wished it to be understood that he was now anxious that no opportunity of visiting him should be missed. Mr. Abraham promised him that when his friends could not avail of the opportunity of a visit due that he could arrange for others to come and see him. He was annoyed that Mr. Jones should have been prevented from coming to him, and as this was at the instance of the home office, he was promised to have his wishes carried out if it could be effected by application to the home secretary. He also wished to have interviews with Mr. Fitzgerald, of Limerick, and with Mr. Doran if he were passing through at any time. He was very particular in his inquiries about friends, and on being asked, said his heart was as stout as ever it was. The interview then closed, having lasted thirty-five minutes. The visitors asked to be allowed to see the penal cells in which the prisoners are confined, but after the matter had been referred to the governor, permission to do so was refused. But they were assured by the deputy governor—who was very courteous—that the recommendation of the committee regarding the cells and baths, etc., had been carried out.

GAELIC POETRY.

An Noinín.

I

Ná trácht air an rós gidh gur áluim an bláthe;
Ná trácht air an lile chomh bog a's chomh báu;
Ná trácht air an t'sóbhrach, gidh deirim gur breaghé;
Oir b'fheárr liom 'na 'n t-iomlán aon nóinín amháin
Tabhair damsa an nóinín,
Is dil liom an nóinín.
Och b'fheárr liom 'na 'n t-iomlán aon nóinín amháin.

II

Acht fos ní'l sé ceart dam an rós do dhís-mheasadh,
Oir go cimte is cosamhail deirge a bhláth
Le deirge na sláinte go siorruidha ag lasadh
Na sgéimhe d'fhág naddúr air leaca mo ghradh.
Acht tabhair dham an nóinín,
Ó! cáraim an nóinín,
Ní'l fás mar an nóinín 'measg iomláin na m-bláth.

III

Anois ní 'l me dall tiomchioll aline no lile
A nochtuighean suas as na uisgidhibh fúinn,
Oir beireann sí cugham-sa boige 'gus gile
An bhraghaid sin mar shneachta i seilbh mo rúin
Acht grádh chum an nóinín,
Ó! adraim an nóinín
Ní'l bláth ins an domhan mar an nóinín beag ciúin.

IV

Is áil liom an sobhrach i d-tosach na bliadhna,
Le buidheacht a dhuille ta beagnach mar ór,
Oir bheireann sechugam dath gruaige is míne
A shuidhess mar chorúin air ésdan mo stóir.
Acht meastad an nóinín,
A's moltad an nóinín
'Gus seinnfead an nóinín lé iomlán mo ghlóir.

V

'Nuair dhearcaim an nóinín, a luidheas go fosiol,
Ag smigeadh go gradhmhar air lorg m shighe,
Ní fheicim-se sgiamhacht mo chailín ro-uasal,
Acht smuainím air mhaitheas 'gus firinn a croidhe
Ó! beannachta móra
Cead beannacht 'gus glóire
Do'n nóinín, caomh-nóinín me thíre a choidhe.

PADRAIC.

I found the above beautiful poem in a late number of the Tuam *News*. It is the composition of Mr. P. O'Byrne of New York, a native of the county Donegal, Ireland, and a near relative of Mr. James Cunnea, of Chicago. M. CREAN.

THE POTATO BLIGHT.

The following report upon the condition and prospects of the potato crop in Ireland up to Aug. 15, has been compiled from returns received by the Irish land commissioners from the assistant commissioners and valuers in their employment:

ULSTER.

Cavan (East), much below the average. Donegal (West), very much below the average; Donegal (Milford), Seriously below average, probably not more than half a crop; Donegal (Mcville), averave it weather is favorable. Down, average. Fermanagh, below average. Londonderry (North), doubtful, depends entirely on the weather. Tyrone (North), apparently above average, too early to speak decidedly. Tyrone (South), probably below average.

MUNSTER.

Clare (West), very much below average; Clare (East), very much below average. Cork (Macroom, Bandon, and Cork), very much below average; Cork (Skibbereen and Clonakilty), very seriously below the average. Kerry (North), below average. Limerick (Rathkeale and Newcastle), below average; Limerick (Glin), doubtful; late planted potatoes will probably give very bad results. Tipperary (Nenagh), probably average; Tipperary (Cashel and Tipperary), probably average. Waterford, near seacoast much below average; inland, not so serious.

LEINSTER.

Carlow, below average. Dublin (North) above average, but quality inferior, much depending on weather. Kilkenny (Johnstown), below average. Kilkenny (Callan), below average. King's (Birr), below average. Longford, below average. Louth, very doubtful. Meath (Kells), possibly below average. Meath (Drogheda), average. Queen's (Mountmellick), average. Westmeath, average. Wexford, much below average. Wicklow (West and Southwest), much below average.

CONNACHT.

Galway (Galway and Loughrea), in good land, average; in wet and poor land, below average. Leitrim (Carrick), far below average. Mayo, owing to blight setting in unusually early, tubers in many instances will be absolutely unfit for human food. In the poorer, badly cultivated districts the crop will be an entire failure. In good, dry, well-farmed lands, results will prove much better. Roscommon (Boyle), below average. Roscommon (Castlerea, Frenchpark, and Roscommon), probably much below average, disease having set in unusually early. Sligo (Tobercurry), much below average unless weather improves. Sligo (Boyle), very much below average.

GOOD LUCK REACHED THEM.

They Invested $1 and Are Now $14,999 Better Off.

"Come right in and I will tell you all about it," said Mrs. Mary Sherman of 307 Pine street, with a happy smile last evening to a *Herald* reporter.

The latter had called to learn the truth of the report that William Carles, who boarded there, had held one twentieth of ticket No. 22,561, which won the first capital prize of $300,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery.

"Mr. Carles is not home, but I can tell you all," said Mrs. Sherman in a tone which, although quiet, had an eager ring to it. "I am entitled to half," she continued, "for I played with Mr. Carles and we made that agreement."

"This is the fourth time I have invested my money in The Louisiana State Lottery," said Mrs. Sherman, "but it will not be the last. I want you to say for me that I am thoroughly satisfied that the company is an honest one." When asked what they were going to do with the money Mrs. Sherman said: "Oh, we have that all arranged. I have a boarding house here, but I am going to discharge all my boarders tomorrow and close up the house. Next Wednesday morning Mr. Carles and myself and husband leave for Europe on an extended tour. We will visit my birth place, Belgium, then Mr. Carles' old home, Brussels. From there we go to Germany, where my husband's mother lives. At Paris we will remain some time before returning to Philadelphia."

When she returns from Europe, Mrs. Sherman will again take boarders, and Mr. Carles, although rather excited and elated when the news of his good fortune reached him, is not too proud to work. He says that upon his return he intends going into business.—*Philadelphia (Pa) Herald, Aug.* 1.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CONNELL—Aug. 22, Charles Connell, aged 13 years, youngest son of John Connell, 46 Great Brunswick street.

GERNON—At the residence of her cousin, James Saunders, Tullow Street, Carlow, on Aug. 21, Mary, widow of the late John Geron, Carlow, and of 35 Richmond place, North, Dublin.

MORIARTY—At Stevens' Hospital, Dublin, Aug. 22, Henry Gore Moriarty, D. I., R.I.C., eldest son of Thomas Moriarty, C.I., R.I.C., J.P., aged 26 years. Interment at Roscommon.

PHELAN—Aug. 22, Thomas Phelan, merchant, Main street, Clonmel, aged 76 years.

PURDON—At Bray, Aug. 25, after a long illness, Henry David Purdon, M.D., Arramore, Kinnegad, eldest son of B. Purdon, Ardrums, county Meath, aged 41 years.

RYAN—At the residence of her sister, Mrs. Ellen Keepan, 13 Thomas street, Dublin, on Aug. 24, Miss Eliza Ryan, Kilrush, county Kildare, after a painful illness, fortified with the rites of the holy church.

SINGLETON—At Sutton House, Baldoyle, Aug. 23, Maj Henry Corbet Singleton, of Aclare, county Meath, late 30th regiment, aged 63 years.

WALSH—At his residence, 52 Marrowbone lane, Aug. 23, Nicholas, brother of Thomas Walsh, 13 Carlton hill, Liverpool, late of Bridgetown, county Wexford, for twenty-three years in the employment of Matthew Byrne, 42 James street, Dublin.

DALTON—At Templemore, Aug. 20, Mary Ellen Magdalen, child of John P. Dalton, aged 3 months.

CULLEN—At Rossmore Lodge, Kildare, Aug. 26, Mary, the dearly beloved wife of F. F. Cullen, and eldest daughter of the late Patrick Bourke, of Ballybroder Castle, Loughrea, county Galway, aged 32 years.

DUNNE—At her residence, Ballinagappa, county Kildare, Mary Anne, widow of the late Michael Dunne.

ELLIS—At his residence, No. 8 Common street, Dublin, Aug. 26, John Ellis.

HAUGH—At No. 3 McCarthy's Building, Cabra, county Dublin, on Aug. 25, John Joseph, son of M. Haugh, inland revenue, Granard.

MARRANE—At his father's residence, Kilpatrick, Lattin, county Tipperary, on Aug. 22, Thomas Francis, eldest son of John Marnane, aged 21 years.

NICOLLS—At Tullyard, Trim, county Meath, Aug. 25, Archibald Dowdall Nicolls, clerk of the crown and peace, aged 70 years.

CORBETT—At the National Bank House, Carrick-on-Suir, Aug. 24, Sarah Eliza, daughter of the late John Corbett, of Limerick, and stepdaughter of D. K. Commins.

PARKINSON—At Enniskillen, Aug. 26, Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Hill Parkinson.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

PAIN AND DREAD attend the use of most catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, easily applied into the nostrils, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane, giving relief at once. Price 50 cents.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 125 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2994 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cushman, pastor. Residence 558 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2998 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, C.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 226 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 285 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, C. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 353 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 384 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mcgregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p.m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 126 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Raths, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 821 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. R. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 329 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

RECIPROCITY CARRIES.

Aldrich's Amendment to the Tariff Bill Adopted.

TWO REPUBLICANS VOTE AGAINST IT

They Are Edmunds of Vermont and Evarts of New York—Senator Cullom Pays His Respects to Lord Salisbury During a Speech at an Evening Session of the Senate—Population of Several Illinois Cities.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 9.—The senate met at 10 o'clock and resumed consideration of the tariff bill. Aldrich's reciprocity amendment was agreed to by a vote of yeas 37, nays 28.

All the Democrats and two Republicans—Edmunds and Evarts—voted against the amendment. The amendment as finally agreed to reads as follows: That with a view to secure reciprocal trade with countries producing the following articles; and for this purpose, on and after the 1st day of July, 1891, whenever and so often as the president shall be satisfied that the government of any country producing and exporting sugars, molasses, coffee, tea and hides, raw and uncured, or any of such articles, imposes duties or other exactions upon the agricultural or other products of the United States, which in view of the free introduction of sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides into the United States he may deem to be reciprocally unequal and unreasonable, he shall have the power and it shall be his duty to suspend by proclamation to that effect, the provisions of this act relating to the free introduction of such sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides, the production of such country for such time as he shall deem just, and in such case and during such suspension duties shall be levied, collected and paid upon sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides, the product of or exported from such designated country as follows, namely: All sugars not above No. 13 Dutch standard in color shall pay duty on their polariscopic test as follows, namely: All sugars not above No. 13 Dutch standard in color; all tank bottoms; sirups of cane juice or of beet juice, melada, concentrated melada, concrete and concentrated molasses, testing by the polariscope not above 75 degrees, seven tenths of 1 cent per pound; and for every additional degree or fraction of a degree shown by the polarisopic test, two hundredts of 1 cent per pound additional; all sugars above No. 13 Dutch standard in color shall be classified by the Dutch standard of color and pay duty as follows, namely: All sugar above No. 13 and not above No. 16 Dutch standard of color, 1⅝ cents per pound; all sugar above No. 16 and not above No. 20 Dutch standard of color, 1⅞ cents per pound; all sugars above No. 20 Dutch standard of color, 2 cents per pound; molasses testing above 56 degrees, 4 cents per gallon; sugar drainings and sugar sweepings shall be subject to duty either as molasses or sugar, as the case may be, according to polariscopic test; on coffee, 3 cents per pound; on tea, 10 cents per pound; hides, raw or uncured, whether dry, salted, or pickled, Angora goat skins raw, without the wool, unmanufactured, asses skins, raw or unmanufactured, and skins, except sheepskins, with the wool on, 1½ cents per pound.

THE BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

Senator Cullom Pays His Respects to Lord Salisbury.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 9.—In the course of his remarks at the evening session of the senate Mr. Cullom took occasion to pay his respects to Lord Salisbury. He declared himself in favor of a national policy that would protect the interests of the United States against aggression from any foreign nation. He was a protectionist not only in the support of a tariff bill, but he was for protecting American interests and the national honor in dealing with all foreign nations.

An Insulting Remark.

He referred to a remark of Lord Salisbury in an address to a London club some months ago to the effect (speaking of the Behring sea difficulty) that the United States was such a susceptible nation that Great Britain could not negotiate "at the top of its voice." He regarded that remark as insulting toward the United States, and expressed the hope that the time had come when the difficulties with Great Britain and her dependencies would be settled (honorably to the United States) in open day and that Lord Salisbury would not be allowed to whisper the secretary of state out of American rights.

Some Illinois Census Figures.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 9.—The census bureau announced the population of the following cities and towns in Illinois, together with the increase in each during the last decade: Belvidere 3,863, increase 912; Sandwich 2,505, increase 153; Sycamore 2,987, decrease 41; Galena 6,406, increase 45; Elgin 17,429, increase 8,642; Aurora 19,634, increase 7,761; Batavia 3,613, increase 974; Dixon 5,149, increase 1,491; Sterling 5,822, increase 735; Rockford 23,889, increase 10,460.

Suicide of an Alleged Murderer.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 9.—Allen Irvin, a young man in the employe of The World-Herald, committed suicide here Tuesday morning by shooting himself through the heart. From papers found it is believed that his real name was Matthew Hawkins and that he was in hiding, having killed a man at Bloomington, Ills., July 4, 1884. He left a note saying that his brother, R. L. Hawkins, lived at South Chicago, his sister, Jane C. Hawkins, at Salem, Ills., and his cousin, N. G. Alexander, at Delavan, Ills. No cause is assigned for his self-destruction unless it was remorse. He had a good position and had no love troubles as far as known.

Murder Over Pennsylvania Politics.

PITTBURG, Pa., Sept. 9.—While quarrelling over the Stone-Shiras contest in the Twenty-third Congressional district Monday, John Thompson stabbed James Ford six times in the back and once in the leg. Ford, it is feared, will die. Thompson is a notorious character.

A Large Elevator Burned.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 9.—At Ogdensburg Tuesday morning the large elevator, owned by the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain railroad, was entirely destroyed by fire. The loss on the elevator and the grain stored in it will reach $250,000.

HOW THE VOTES WERE CAST.

Result of the Election in Maine—Reed's Big Majority.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 9.—Governor Burleigh and the four Republican congressmen, including Speaker Reed, are elected by majorities larger than were expected. Mr. Reed's majority will be almost double that of 1888, and the vote cast all over the state was much larger than

SPEAKER REED.

the Republicans had even hoped for. It has been intimated that in case Reed's majority fell below 500 his election would have been contested in the next house, if that body should be Democratic. Owing to the decisive character of his victory, however, this plan will have to be abandoned. In this city four Republican legislators and one Democrat are elected—the latter on account of local dissatisfaction. There is great enthusiasm in the city among the Republicans over the result of Reed's election, and a big meeting was held in city hall, with an address by Reed, under the auspices of the Young Men's Republican club.

A Comparison of Votes.

In 1886, the last off year, the vote stood: Republican, 68,991; Democrat, 55,289; Prohibition, 3,868; scattering, 23. Republican plurality, 13,702. This year the plurality will be about 19,000, a gain of 5,300 and 1,000 ahead of the presidential year.

The Democrats carried Milliken's native city, Belfast, also the home of the congressional nominee, Baker. Milliken lost seventy-five votes in this city alone. The Democrats printed circulars, which were scattered broadcast throughout the towns, charging Milliken with intemperate habits. These circulars were even posted at the doors of the voting places. The circular purported to be an extract from a letter written by President Small of the Colby university to a clergyman in Milliken's district.

Reed En Route to Washington.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 9.—Speaker Reed left for Washington at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning.

WILL CLOSE THE YARDS.

Twenty Thousand Men To Be Thrown Out of Employment.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—At their meeting at the Astor house Monday afternoon the Brick Manufacturers' association decided that after Sept. 27 all yards shall be closed and no more bricks be made for the rest of the season. This will throw over 20,000 men out of a month's work. Before the tie-up began builders strained every nerve to get large supplies of bricks on hand to help them through the impending troubles. By using these as sparingly as possible and with the help of the weekly supply of 4,500,000 contract bricks and 2,800,000 "sucker" bricks they have been enabled to continue operations up to the present time. But it seems now that the end of the rope has been reached. Six out of eight of the yards which had contracts on hand decided Monday to hold off supplies unconditionally, and the Diamond and the Rose Brick companies agreed to hold off temporarily and will certainly ship no bricks this week.

A Strike Comes to Sudden Grief.

FINDLAY, Ohio, Sept. 9. — Monday morning the brakemen on the outgoing freight trains on the Toledo, Columbus and Cincinnati road struck for an advance in wages from $1 75 to $2 per day. As fast as trains arrived in the city the brakemen left them and joined the strikers. They attempted to prevent the trains from going out manned with new men, but the police interfered. Later in the day the men were paid off and discharged. No further trouble is apprehended.

One Good Shot Deserves Another.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 9.—A Fort Worth, Tex., dispatch to The Times-Democrat says: Ed Kennedy, a gambler, shot and killed Farris Mosley, a leading merchant, Monday night, as the latter was getting into a wagon. James Mosley, a brother of the deceased, at once exchanged shots with Kennedy, and the murderer was shot in the side. The wound is likely to prove fatal. Kennedy had accused Mosley of intimacy with Mrs. Kennedy.

Blown Almost to Pieces.

BRADDOCK, Pa., Sept. 9.—A keg containing 100 pounds of gun powder exploded about noon Monday at McCrady & Hogg's stone quarry. One man was killed and others were badly injured. The dead and injured are: Wm. McDonald, dead, blown almost to pieces; George Albert, badly burned; Albert Bunker, Tony Pattroka, James Thomas, badly burned. All of these are so terribly injured that they may die.

Elopers Come to Grief.

DES MOINES, Sept. 9.—A man named Eno, who runs a bakery at Indianola, had a young and pretty black-eyed wife. Saturday they quarreled, and late in the day she disappeared. So did a young man in his employ named Shall, taking $70 from the cash drawer. Sunday they were arrested here and Monday were taken back to Indianola to answer the charge of larceny.

Set on Fire by Lightning.

ALTOONA, Pa., Sept. 9.—Lightning struck the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad company at noon Monday, and in a few minutes the building was ablaze. The building was badly gutted before the fire could be extinguished. Great damage was done by water, and it is feared valuable records and memoranda are ruined. The loss will be heavy.

A Lunatic's Grotesque Suit.

DES MOINES, Sept. 9.—Giles Otis Pierce, held to be insane by commissioners at Davenport, has filed a grotesque petition in the United States court at Keokuk. He sues the State of Iowa for $5,000,000, and makes ex-President Cleveland, ex-Governor Larrabee and a number of prominent persons defendants.

TAKING THINGS EASY.

President Harrison Having a Good Rest at Cresson Springs, Pa.

CRESSON SPRINGS, Pa., Sept. 6.—President Harrison, after a restful night, breakfasted in his private dining room at the Mountain house at 9 a. m. The day opened with a rain storm, rendering outdoor exercise undesirable, and after breakfasting the president returned to his cottage, where a large amount of mail matter had accumulated. After going through the mail with Private Secretary Halford, the president received ex-Deputy Quartermaster General Eakin, who called to pay his respects. A proposition was made to Secretary Halford looking to the holding of a reception in honor of the executive, at a time most agreeable to him, but as the president had come here for absolute rest and quiet it was discouraged, at least for the time being.

Cleaned Out a Gambling House.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., Sept. 6.—One of the many gambling houses in Marengo, a new town in the Black Hills, was cleaned out the other night by two desperadoes, who entered the place, one at the front and the other at the rear. Pulling their revolvers they quietly remarked that they guessed they would take that money. No one interfered and $440 was taken by them, although there were over forty men in the room at the time. The thieves were remarkably nervy, and although they were known they made no effort to disguise themselves. After securing the booty they quietly departed and nothing has been seen of them since.

Failed to Make the Payments.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 6.—The Call says that the English syndicate which purchased the Philadelphia brewery for $3,000,000 has failed to make the payments due, and Mrs. Wellend threatens to break the agreement. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars was paid on deposit to bind the agreement $500,000 was to have been paid on July 1 last, and the remainder on August 15. Mrs. Welland states that the purchasers had asked for thirty days' time, which was granted. Unless the money is paid by Septemper 15 the $150,000 will be forfeited.

Close of the Iowa State Fair.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Sept. 6.—The Iowa state fair closed Friday, having been one of the most successful exhibits ever given. The display of fine horses has probably never been equaled at a strictly state fair. The races have not been up to the standard, but this is owing to the character of the track. Horsemen find so much fault with the present course that an effort will be made to have a mile track built before next year. The directors at first thought of excluding racing from the new grounds, but finally consented to a half-mile track.

An Editor Charged With Arson.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Sept. 6.—George T. Williams, of Ida Grove, one of the best known country editors in Western Iowa, was arrested here Thursday night on an indictment for arson. He owns the opera house at Ida Grove, and last spring a rival house, owned by political and personal enemies, was burned. There has been a bitter factional war in that county in which Williams led one side, and this was the bottom of the arrest.

A Grocery Firm in Trouble.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 6.—The wholesale grocery house of Babcock & Brigham has made an individual and co-partnership assignment for the equal benefit of their creditors to Albert Baker. The cause of the failure is said to be insufficient capital and heavy losses of the past year. It is expected the liabilities are largely in excess of the assets. The firm began in September, 1885, and has always been upright in its dealings.

Salvation Army Congress.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—The Salvation Army is to hold a "Great Eastern congress" of its staff and field officers between the Rockies and the Atlantic in this city and Brooklyn for the week beginning Nov. 1. It is expected that there will be 100 staff officers in attendance, besides 300 field officers and 200 local officers. Thousands of soldiers and friends are expected and monster demonstrations and parades are promised.

Ran into an Open Switch.

FORT GIBSON, I. T., Sept. 6.—A freight train and thirty cars on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad ran upon a half open switch near Summit, six miles south of Muskogee, Cherokee Nation. The locomotive, tender and sixteen cars were thrown from the track, caught fire and were consumed. The engineer, fireman and three tramps were burned to death. A fourth tramp was badly bruised and has become insane.

The Forestry Congress.

QUEBEC, Sept. 6.—The American forestry congress came to an end Friday and the members went on an excursion to Montmorency Falls. Before adjourning the congress adopted resolutions recommending the sending of young men to Europe to study forestry, and also the modification of the rules regulating the management of public timber lands, in order to secure the re wooding of forests.

Put Up a Surprise for Him.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Sept. 6.—Thomas W. Belcham, a merchant of this city, returned Thursday night from Missouri and was surprised to find that his wife had sold all the household furniture and with her mother skipped out. She realized $600 on the sale, and it is believed has started for London, their former home.

Silver a Little Lower in Price.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 6. — The amount of silver offered to the treasury department Friday was 1,017,000 ounces and the amount purchased 250,000 ounces, as follows: Two hundred thousand ounce at $1.1720; 50,000 ounces at $1.17372. Yesterday's purchases make a total of 4,500859 ounces since the law went into effect.

Stabbed His Daughter.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Andrew McNeill, father of Robert McNeill, who was murdered by Actor Charles Webster two weeks ago, was arraigned Tuesday in the police court on the charge of having stabbed his 18 year-old daughter, Katie, with a butcher-knife, and was held in $1,500 bail for trial.

Hanged for Murder.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 6.—Robert Shelton, colored, was hanged at Laurens Friday for the murder of William Rayford, also colored. Last February they had a quarrel about a woman, and Shelton killed Rayford with an axe, and threw the body into an old well.

AT MR. WEBB'S ORDERS

Why Men on the New York Central Were Discharged.

THE TESTIMONY OF SUPT. BISSELL.

Discharged Employes Tell the State Board of Arbitration That They Were "Let Out" and No Reason Given Therefor—A New York Central Train Wrecked by Obstructions Placed on the Track—A Non-Union Man Assaulted.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 5.—The state board of arbitration met at 10:10 a. m. sharp, Commissioner Purcell, presiding. Division Superintendent Bissell, of Albany, took the stand and said that all dismissals on the New York Central were at the order of the third vice president and he understood that Mr. Lefevre was suspended for lack of attention to duty. He did not know that anybody was dismissed for being a K. of L. Mr. Pryor asked for details as to Lefevre's neglect of duty and witness said that Lefevre often was seen by him (the witness) neglecting his legitimate duty. Witness knew that the discharged man was a K. of L. but did not pay attention to his standing. He admitted that he thought Mr. Lefevre was active in the knights. Mr. Lefevre, a discharged employe, said he had been in the employ of the company for eighteen years. Mr. Bissell discharged him but gave no reasons, telling him he knew what for. He supposed that it was for being a knight. He had never been reprimanded, suspended, accused of drunkenness or incapacity.

Discharged Without Reason.

Bowen Staley, another discharged employe, and a school commissioner, said he was notified by Agent Ross that he was discharged. No reason was given. He had been employed on the same road for fourteen years. He had been reprimanded in January, 1889, for being the head of an organization and had been threatened with discharge, but was not discharged. When discharged he had gone to Mr. Bissell and had been informed that he was discharged for working against the interests of the company. Witness had never neglected his duty to the company and had never been accused of neglect. Mr. Pollock had called him to New York and told him that he was aware of his connection with the knights. No action was taken at that time. Frank Wilbur, discharged employe, had been with the company three years, had been a K. of L. for years, and was discharged without reason. Was reprimandrd about a month before for being away from duty while sick. Was never accused of drunkenness or incapacity or neglect of duty. He was a member of a committee of the knights. Had waited on the officials to ask for reduction of hours of labor just prior to his discharge.

Other Testimony.

William Kale, a discharged employe, had been a K. of L. for six months. He had worked for the road four years, and was discharged without reasons being given. He was never accused of any neglect of duty, but was a delegate to the district assembly. John J. Fenwick, discharged employe, had been a K. of L. for five years, employed by the road for thirteen years. No reasons given for discharge. He never had been reprimanded for any cause. Alfred Dubois, discharged employe, had been eight years in the service of the road. He was a K. of L. The reason for his discharge was given as agitator of labor. Had never been reprimanded. John Gallagher and John Bolmer, testified in the same strain.

Superintendent Packard Testifies.

Mr. Packard, superintendent of the West Albany shops, testified that he had discharged some men for lack of work and others by reason of orders from Superintendent Buchanan. He never discharged a man or threatened to discharge any for appearing as committees. A. J. Ross, the freight transfer agent at West Albany, said he had written to Superintendent Bissell asking for Staley's discharge for insubordination and the discharge of three others because they were bothering with committees when they should have been at work. One other man was incompetent. Master Mechanic and Superintendent of Motive Power Buchanan said that he had discharged Fenwick for neglect of duty. Two others, Reilly and Martin, were discharged for the same reason.

Close of the Investigation.

John McCarthy, called for the strikers, said he was employed for twenty-three years and had been a K. of L. for five months. No reason was given for his discharge. Edward F. Reilly, master workman of a local assembly of knights, gave similar testimony. Commissioner Purcell asked for the production of the agreement between the road and the men and it was put in evidence. The investigation was here closed. Mr. Purcell said he wished it understood that the law allowed the board to give an opinion or decision only when both parties consented to arbitrate. In this case the board would consider the testimony and would make certain recommendations for the amicable settlement of the difficulty. The board can not make this announcement, however, but through the legislature and so Jan. 1 will probably be the date when their views will become public.

THE WORK OF DASTARDS.

A Passenger Train on the New York Central Wrecked—Nobody Killed.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 5.—The second section of train No. 13 on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad was wrecked at a point about three miles below Greenbush, between midnight and 1 a. m. Six sleepers were wrecked, but miraculous as it may seem, no one was killed. The injured list will foot up about seven, the most seriously injured being Mrs. Atkinson of Trenton, N. J., who was badly cut, and Trainmen Saulspaugh, back wrenched. The others have backs and limbs wrenched, but none of the cases are fatal. A single rail placed crosswise on the track in front of the train resulted in the disaster. Six coaches were turned bottom-side up on the bottom of a fifteen foot embankment and three were twisted and wrenched beyond repair. The officers of the road, physicians and a United Press reporter left on a special train at 2:30 a. m. for the scene of the wreck. Of the eight sleepers comprising the train but two were left on the track. The others were either on the embankment or lying across the rails.

Will Make an Investigation.

Superintendent Bissell will institute a rigorous investigation to ascertain, if possible, who placed the obstruction on the track. The destruction of the train must have been decided upon in a hurry for the wrecked train was but twenty-five minutes behind the first section and that came through all right. The loss in money to the company will foot up into the thousands.

Another attempt was made to wreck a passenger train Friday morning. The train from the west due here at 5:10 in the morning came slowly creeping down through the gap west of West Albany when the engineer saw an obstruction on the track. The train was stopped and it was found that ties had been thrown on the tracks by some miscreant. They were removed and the train proceeded to this city.

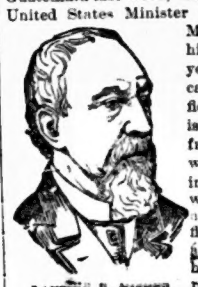
A Non-Union Man Badly Beaten.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 5.—A non-union Central railroad man, while going from the west Albany freight yards to his hotel about 10 o'clock Thursday night, was assaulted by three unknown men supposed to be strikers and beaten terribly with clubs. When the Pinkerton men came to his rescue his assailants had fled. His injuries are believed to be fatal. The police are investigating the outrage and arrests are expected to follow.

COOLNESS SAVED HIS LIFE.

Gen. Barrundia's Daughter Threatens to Shoot Minister Mizner.

CITY OF GUATEMALA, Sept. 3.—A daughter of Gen. Martin Barrundia, who was shot to death in the cabin of the Pacific Mail steamship Acapulco at San Jose de Guatemala last week, attempted to shoot United States Minister Mizner Monday.



LANSING B. MIZNER

Mr. Mizner was at his desk when the young woman came into his office. As the minister looked up from his work she was standing within four feet of him with a revolver in her hand. With flashing eyes she accused him of having been directly the cause of her father's death and announced that she meant to kill him. Mr. Mizner took the matter coolly and tried to reason with the girl, who was apparently almost crazed with excitement, and in the most tragic manner poured on him the bitterest invective of which the Spanish language is capable.

Will Not Prosecute the Lady.

The intended victim kept her in conversation, however, until assistance arrived and the pistol was taken from the woman. Throughout the entire exciting interview Mr. Mizner maintained the utmost coolness, though the only thing between him and the muzzle of a pistol held in the hands of a woman who evidently intended to shoot was a heavy law book. His coolness unquestionably saved his life. As soon as President Barillas heard of the occurrence he sent his respects and offered the powers of his government to protect the American legation. Mr. Mizner, however, delined the offer, will not prosecute the lady, and insists that no further notice shall be taken of the affair.

IOWA PROHIBITIONISTS.

They Meet at Des Moines and Nominate a State Ticket.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Sept. 5.—One hundred Prohibitionists in mass convention here Thursday nominated a full state ticket as follows: Secretary of state, C. R. McFarland; auditor, L. E. Dorcas; treasurer, J. C. Redd; supreme judge, Daniel B. Turney; clerk of supreme court, F. S. Spurrier; reporter of supreme court, O. P. Crawford; railroad commissioner, Caleb Dailey. Malcolm Smith, of Cedar Rapids, was permanent chairman, and R. S. Beall, of Mount Ayr, secretary. The plan of organization adopted pledges a vigorous campaign, and calls upon county committees to place county and city tickets in the field throughout the state. It was determined to establish an official organ at Des Moines, to be edited by the Rev. W. A. Campbell, of Clarinda.

The Platform.

The resolutions reaffirm the national Prohibition platform of 1888; declare prohibition to be a national issue; declare against the international revenue tax on liquor; demand a tariff for revenue so adjusted as to enable American industry to compete with foreign industry; demand an honest ballot; favor woman suffrage, government control of transportation companies, and postal savings banks.

Fatal Fire at New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Thomas Hogan's cornice factory at 227 and 229 East Fifty-sixth street, was gutted Wednesday by a fire which destroyed the whole inside of the structure. The third floor of the building was occupied by M. Abraham, of the Rossmore Cigar company, while the two upper floors were untenanted. The fire is said to have been caused by an explosion which occurred in the basement where four or five boys were at work at the time. Two of the boys were badly burned, while one, Daniel Killen, aged 15, was burned to death, his body being afterward found in the ruins. Mr. Hogan places his loss at $45,000, partly insured, and Mr. Abraham his loss at $5,000. The cause of the fire and explosion is a mystery. The two boys who were badly burned were taken to the Roosevelt hospital.

Congressional Nominations.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—The following people have been nominated to congress: For the First Iowa district, John H. Gear, Republican; Third Wisconsin district, Allen Bushnell, Democrat; Third Ohio district, George W. Houk, Democrat; Fifth Minnesota district, S. G. Comstock, Republican; Fifth Missouri district, Nicholas Ford, Republican; Sixth Michigan district, Hon. William Ball, Republican; First New Jersey district, C. A. Bergen, Republican.

Kept Their Marriage a Secret.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Sept. 6.—George Levan and Miss Clara McDonald, of this city, were secretly married in Wisconsin, six months ago. They took a wedding trip to New York, meeting each other in Chicago and coming home separately. The parents of neither had any intimation of the marriage until Friday, when the young couple rented a house and went to housekeeping.

An Umbrella Company Fails.

TORONTO, Sept. 6.—The Colonial Umbrella Manufacturing company has made an assignment, but it is believed the assets will cover the liabilities. All the heavy creditors are in England and the United States. The assignment is said to have been brought about by internal disagreement. The firm is the leading umbrella manufacturing concern in Canada.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

We are treating the salmon as we did the buffalo. At one of the Alaskan canning points hundreds of thousands have been thrown away because of lack of packing material.

Ladies at Asheville, N. C., organized a union of housekeepers. They hope thereby to secure a better class of servants.

The Rich distillery at Uniontown, Ky., was burned Sunday. Loss, $80,000; insurance, $43,000.

The national bank at Kingman, Kan., has failed.

Forty thousand people are made homeless by the overflowing of the Elbe and Danube rivers.

Samuel John Dixon crossed Niagara river on a tight rope Saturday.

The trade union congress at Liverpool has demanded a law from parliament establishing the eight-hour day.

George B. Rayer, 2 years and 6 months old, of Long Island City, was missed from his home Friday afternoon. Search was at once instituted, but it was not until Saturday evening that he was discovered in a swamp, and standing in water up to his neck. He was almost exhausted, and his flesh was shriveled up from being in the water so long.

Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania, was admitted into the Welsh Eisteddfod at Bangor last Thursday.

Minneapolis millers met and protested that the unscrupulous mixing of different grades of wheat is ruining their business.

It was by Lord Randolph Churchill's advice, it is said, that the monarchy took up Boulanger with a view to its restoration.

An engine tore through a street car at Cleveland, Ohio, Saturday, and killed several persons.

Not half the usual number of seals were captured in Behring sea this year, and a big advance in the price of skins is predicted.

Emperor William in a speech praised the skill of his marines as exhibited in gunnery and torpedo firing.

The Rev. Royal H. Pullman, brother of George M. Pullman, has been nominated to congress by the Republicans of the Third Maryland district.

Five persons were killed and thirty-seven terribly injured in a train collision on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad near Florence, Colo.

If Cyrus W. Field should lose his millions yet watch his hen-roosts, he would still be able to save himself from public charity, seeing that the fowls on his Hudson River farm lay 3,000 dozen eggs yearly.

In a quarrel in a disreputable house at Pleasant Hill, Mo., John Parker was instantly killed and Oliver Hughes mortally wounded.

Three divisions of French troops will soon start on an expedition to capture the capital of Dahomey.

Artist Whistler assaulted the editor of Hawk in London, Saturday, then threw his card in his face.

Suicide of a "Lifer."

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 8.—Henry Merryman, a life prisoner confined for murder in the Ohio state prison, committed suicide Sunday evening in his cell in a peculiarly ingenious manner. Taking the pages of a newspaper, he rolled them into tubes, and telescoping them together he made a long pipe, one end of which he slipped over a gas jet, and, taking the other into his mouth, lay on his cot and sucked the gas into his lungs, death resulting in a few minutes.

A Wisconsin Banker Fails.

WAUPACA, Wis., Sept. 8.—Evan Collidge, of the Waupaca National bank assigned to Frank W. Whipple, of Waupaca Monday morning. Assets, $37,000; liabilities, $27,000. The cause of the failure was a too heavy line of loans and discounts and a recent run on the bank which drew out $25,000. It is believed the liabilities will be paid in full.

Distillery Destroyed by Fire.

UNIONTOWN, Ky., Sept. 8.—The Rich distillery, at this place, recently purchased by the Mutual Distilling company, of Philadelphia, was burned Sunday morning. The bonded ware house, containing 16,000 barrels of whisky, and the granary, containing a quantity of wheat and corn, were saved. The total loss is $50,000.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.

On the board of trade to-day quotation were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 September, opened 99¼c, closed 98c; December, opened $1.02, closed $1.00⅝; May, opened $1.08⅝, closed $1.04⅞. Corn—No. 2 September, opened 46c, closed 45⅝c; October, opened 45c, closed 45⅛c; May, opened 47⅞c, closed 47⅝c. Oats—No. 2 September, opened 35¼c, closed 35c; October, opened 35⅛c, closed 35⅛c; May, opened 38⅛c, closed 38⅛c. Pork—October, opened $10.05, closed $10.12½; January, opened $11.70, closed $11.60; May, opened $12.35, closed $12.40. Lard—October, opened $6.55, closed $6.30.

Live stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards. Hogs—Market opened active and firm, 10c higher; light grades, $3.85@4.70; rough packing, $3.95@4.15; mixed lots, $4.10@4.55; heavy packing and shipping lots, $4.20@4.65.

Produce: Butter—Fancy separator, 23@24c; fine gathered cream, 18@20c; fine to good imitations, 11@13c; dairies, finest fresh, 16@18c; No. 1 dairies, 14@17c; fresh packing stocks, 7½@8½c. Eggs—Fresh candled, loss off, 15@16½c per doz. Live poultry—Chickens, hens, 9c per lb; spring chickens, 8½@9c per lb; roosters, 5@5½c per lb; turkeys, mixed lots, 9@10c per lb; ducks, 8@8½c per lb; spring ducks, 9c per lb; geese, $5.00@5.50 per doz. Potatoes—New Jersey rose, $3.00@3.25, $1.00@1.20 per bu; Wisconsin, 70@75c per bu; choice, 90c per bu; Sweet potatoes, Baltimore, $3.00@3.50 per brl; Jersey, $4.25@4.75 per brl. Apples—Illinois green, cooking, $2.00@2.50 per brl; eating, $3.00@3.50. Huckleberries—$5.00@5.50 per 2-bu stand; $1.75@2.00 per 16-qt case. Blackberries—Michigan, $1.00@1.50 per 16-qt case.

New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter cash, $1.02½@1.03; do September, $1.00⅝; do December, $1.04⅝. Corn—No. 2 mixed 53@53½c cash; October 53½c; do December, 51½c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed cash, 40@40½c; do September, 40½c; do October, 40½c. Rye—Nominal; western in boat loads, 66@68c; state, 67@69c. Barley malt—Unchanged. Pork—Steady; mess, $12.50@14.00. Lard—Unchanged.

Live stock: Cattle—Market more active and stronger; good to prime steers advanced 15c @ 100 lbs; common dragging dull and slow; poorest to best native steers, $3.10@6.00 @ 100 lbs; bulls and dry cows, $[illegible]; Sheep and lambs—Prime stock in demand at firmer prices, but common stock ruled dull and slow; sheep, $4.00@5.37½ @ 100 lbs; lambs, $5.50@7.00. Hogs—Market steady; live hogs, $4.20@4.70 @ 100 lbs.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 8.

Wheat—Easier; No. 2 spring on track cash, 95@96c; December, 99½c; No. 1 northern, 98c. Corn—Steady; No. 3 on track, 46c. Oats—Dull; No. 2 white on track, 39½c. Barley—Firmer; No. 2 in store, 61½c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1 in store, 68½c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—A. M. Palmer's Company.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Bluebeard, Jr."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The County Fair."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Texas Steer."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union "Waifs of New York."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"One of the Bravest."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—McLean and Prescott.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"The Great Metropolis."

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.
Exposition Building, Michigan ave., Madison, Monroe and Adams streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays excepted.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

AMERICA BULLDOZED BY SALISBURY

The attitude of the Marquis of Salisbury toward this country has been exasperatingly insulting. His course has been provocative of more bitter feeling against Great Britain than anything that has occurred since the privateers used to issue from English ports against our commerce during the civil war. That mild and conservative statesman, United States Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, and his brother senator, Mr. Spooner, of Wisconsin, let the eagle fly in the Senate on Monday, as will be seen by the following Washington telegram:

"In the course of his remarks at the evening session of the Senate Mr. Cullom took occasion to pay his respects to Lord Salisbury. He declared himself in favor of a national policy that would protect the interests of the United States against aggression from any foreign nation. He was a protectionist not only in the support of a tariff bill, but he was for protecting American interests and the national honor in dealing with all foreign nations. He referred to a remark of Lord Salisbury in an address to a London club some months ago to the effect (speaking of the Behring Sea difficulty) that the United States was such a susceptible nation that Great Britain could not negotiate 'at the top of its voice.' He regarded that remark as insulting toward the United States, and expressed the hope that the time had come when the difficulties with Great Britain and her dependencies would be settled (honorably to the United States) in open day and that Lord Salisbury would not be allowed to whisper the secretary of state out of American rights.

"Mr. Spooner declared himself in favor of the reciprocity provision, provided it indicated the items and articles. But he would not favor reciprocity with Canada. He hoped to see the day when the American flag would fly over Canada, and when the British flag would be gone, commercial union would come with political union and not until then. And it would come much earlier in that way than by truckling to an aggressive, unfriendly neighbor."

The foregoing is pretty plain talk and deserves national commendation. It is difficult to understand the attitude of the administration on the Behring Sea difficulty. It has been blowing hot and cold. The English premier has played a very respectable game of bluff, and the Canadian seal robbers are still operating in American waters. Meanwhile our government is letting bids for a single big ironclad! We boast of a fine fleet of armed cruisers, which are now mostly employed in dress parade business along peaceful coasts. England certainly has given us every opportunity to be warlike. There is no mistaking the very plain, even brutal, language of Lord Salisbury to the secretary of state. The latter has shown ingenuity and research in his replies, but there the question rests, Salisbury having proposed arbitration to settle the matter. The fact is, there is nothing about which to arbitrate. The secretary of state has proven this most clearly. The proposition is but another piece of arrogant insolence on the part of England. The Canadians proceed to rob us—the robbery is proven, and then the chief robber proposes that we shall "arbitrate"—in other words compound a felony.

Great things were promised for the present administration when it came into power, and THE CITIZEN regrets that the promises have not been fulfilled. The Senate saved us from the disgraceful treaty patched up with England by a former administration. The honor of America is even more concerned in the Behring Sea business. Our government has said that England is in our waters as a trespasser and a poacher. England that dared not lock Russia in the face when she was mistress of Alaskan waters, thinks that she can play fast and loose with the United States. The administration, of whatever party, is pledged to the maintenance of the national honor. In looking back over the history of the Republic, the administrations that have done their duty in that respect may be easily counted. Up to date, the present administration does not occupy a place on the very limited list.

LET THE IRISH STAND BY THEIR FRIENDS.

All Irishmen who happen to receive political nominations in this city at present are denounced by certain newspapers as "trianglers," "murderers," "abettors and aiders of assassination," etc. This insolence has proceeded to so remarkable a degree that Chicago is now, and very justly, looked upon as the champion Knownothing city of the United States. There is a bitter, and growing, dislike of Irishmen in Chicago, which is not at all to its credit. The daily press, THE CITIZEN is sorry to have to observe, is mostly responsible for this state of things, and, unfortunately, the public prejudice has been greatly strengthened by certain Irish cranks, who think it respectable and patriotic to charge all who differ from them with crimes that would befit King Richard III. THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes that the Irish element in this city will take a lesson from the Germans in politics, and "down" every bigot, of either party, who may dare to show his forbidding colors as a candidate at the polls. The ballot is a great tamer of insolence and ingratitude. In this respect it is a far more effective weapon than either sword or gun. In the coming election, let the Irish people stand by their friends and smite their enemies, without distinction of party. It is the only policy by which they can win, and maintain, respect in this community. A bigot does not change his spots, no matter what party label may be pasted on his back.

Under the new law, the ballots are sent previous to election to the house of every voter, so that patriotic eclecticism may be indulged in. The enemies of the Irish-Americans take advantage of this wise accommodation. Why not the Irish-Americans themselves? It affords every decent citizen an opportunity of voting for the man of his choice. He is no longer "gobbled" at the polls by a chronic ticket peddler, and, half through amazement or bewilderment, induced to vote for people who deserve no such service at his hands. The time for "voting for a yellow dog" on any party ticket, simply for the sake of consistency, has gone by. Only political slaves stand by such a stupid policy today.

O'BRIEN IN THE BREACH.

The principles of THE CITIZEN are evidently taking a strong hold in Ireland. The following Dublin telegram, dated Sept. 7, will be read with interest: "Mr William O'Brien, speaking at Meelin, County Cork, said it would be Ireland's own fault if a single child starved. The tenants ought not to pay a penny of rents until their families are provided for. They had no business to make begging appeals to Irishmen abroad, but should look to Mr. Balfour and his sublime schemes. It would be perfectly within their right to demand that the Boards of Guardians compensate them for the loss of their crops. If the guardians had the courage boldly to relieve the people the Irish leaders would promise to hammer extra relief out of the government. In regard to the writ recently served upon him, Mr. O'Brien said that Lord Salisbury thought to prevent him from going to America by means of a bankruptcy notice. It remained to be seen whether Salisbury would be more successful than when in the role of a runaway libeler and blackmailer."

Mr. O'Brien has, quite evidently, "grasped the situation." Steamers leave Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, all the Irish ports, every day laden to the water's edge with fat cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, cheese, butter, eggs, and wheat for England—all raised by the Irish working people, and all sold to pay the landlords their exorbitant rents. When this state of things exists—a condition that can be easily proven by reference to the Liverpool market reports of shipments from Ireland—it seems absurd that the mere failure of a single crop, the potato, should imperil the lives of millions of the Irish people. THE CITIZEN cannot believe that Irishmen will be such slaves, and worse, as to permit themselves to be destroyed because of a distempered feeling that the landlords have a prior right to the goods they drain daily out of Ireland. The people have the prior right. THE CITIZEN is aware that certain time-honored influences will be arrayed against the wise and spirited teachings of such men as William O'Brien. If the people yield to such influences they will surely rue the day. They will see their country once more a combination of famine graves and fever sheds—the scoff and the byeword of the nations. The verdict will be, like that of the Spaniard at Kinsale, "Christ never died for this people."

AN UNWISE UTTERANCE.

The following very singularly worded cable despatch from Dublin was published in the daily papers of Wednesday: "Mr. John Dillon, M. P., while presiding at a National League meeting held in this city tonight, said he had taken great pains to inform himself of the condition of affairs in Ireland, and regretted to say his inquiries had showed in many cases that the failure of the potato crop was more complete than it was in 1879. Referring to the possibility of establishing a famine fund, Mr. Dillon said the simplest method was for the charitable to send checks to the various landlords in the distressed districts to buy them off and let the tenants keep what they had. That would be better than distributing the money among the poor. With the government rested the responsibility to provide for these people."

Mr. Dillon surely cannot mean seriously that free American citizens should pay rent to anglo-Irish landlords? Such a course would be self-abasing in the extreme. Besides, it would be yielding a species of blackmail than which nothing could be more detestable. No, no, Mr. Dillon; whatever other form of relief may be adopted, Irish-Americans will never consent to moral degradation. Mr. Dillon has visited America to very little purpose if he does not know this already.

THE FAIR SITE SELECTED.

The local commissioners of the World's Fair took a long time to make up their minds about a site, and stood any amount of joking on the subject, from the outside world. At last they have come to a conclusion and selected the Lake Front and Jackson Park, together with some desirable land adjacent thereto. It would have been better to have settled the matter earlier, but, as it is, the commissioners are to be congratulated on their choice, which seems to be the best, all the circumstances considered, they could have made. Now that the site has been determined upon, the proper thing to do is to go ahead with the old time Chicago energy, and make the Fair such a success as will befit the greatness of America and win the applause of the world. Every patriotic citizen should do all that in him lies to make the projected exposition the mightiest that this planet has seen.

ENGLAND'S RESTIVE COLONIES.

One of the most suggestive and interesting political articles that ever appeared in an English magazine may be found in the *Nineteenth Century* for August. It is in the form of a dialogue between an imaginary Englishman,—possibly Froude—who calls himself a "Globe Trotter" and an Australian colonist, who is styled "Settler." If an Irishman of the most extreme national type had written the article, it could not be harder on England, or have dealt her more stunning blows. It seems a wonder of wonders that such an article was ever permitted to appear in the *Nineteenth Century*. Nothing can explain the appearance of such an article in an English periodical of the very highest class, but the steady growth of dissatisfaction in the English colonies, and the as steady growth of republican ideas among all classes not alone of English speaking people, but throughout the whole civilized world outside, perhaps, of Germany and Austria.

The Australian English settler tells the English "globe trotter" that Australasians don't care how soon they are cut loose from England—that they have lost all faith in English connection; that they are democrats almost to the last man, and that they want a republican form of government without being tagged on to a royalty in any way; that they are sick of being even indirectly ruled by titled fools either in England or in Australasia. The tone of the Australasian's remarks can be easily understood from the following extract; it gives a very clear idea of how England stands among her own children in her own colonies:

"Do you think we can be proud of the England that submitted to see her flag insulted by the Germans in 1870,—of the England that crouches down before a strong power and bullies a weak one; that meekly permits German aggression everywhere, and bullies and storms when poor, powerless Portugal follows the German example. Do you think we are proud of the country that, in defense of the sordid interests of bankers and shopkeepers, crushes out the rising spirit of national independence in Egypt, mows down with machine guns thousands of brave Arabs who were patriotically fighting for their country, abandons Gordon, and makes peace with a lot of bloodthirsty slaveholders like the Boers after the defeat of Majuba hill, and invariably reverses the old Roman motto, 'Parcere subjectis, debellare superbos,' spare the conquered, pull down the strong?"

This is indeed strange language coming from the like of a "loyal British subject," and foreshadows the breaking up of the empire on whose territories "the sun never sets," at no distant period in the future. It also shows the unfortunate, weak side of Englishmen and English government,—their utter incapacity to make themselves loved by those whom they rule outside of England. Australasia, that is Australia, New Zealand and Van Dieman's Land are the most English of all English colonies. Natives of Great Britain and their descendants make up 75 per cent of their population. There are, of course, many Irish in these counties, but they are comparatively only a very small minority of their population. British North America is not even half English. The French and Irish combined, outnumber the Britons and their descendants. In Australasia, however, it is different; Britons form an overwhelming majority of the population, yet it is the country out of which come unmistakable murmurings against British connection and British rule.

The "Settler" tells the "Globe Trotter" plainly and squarely that Australasians will *not* be dragged into any of England's quarrels; that if England is attacked in India by Russia or any other power, England will have to do her own fighting; but the most utterly staggering part of the article is the following sentence from the "Settler:"

"If the question of annexation as a State of the United States of North America were put to a vote tomorrow, there would not be a thousand votes against it!"

It is strange that, so far, none of the American dailies or weeklies have noticed this very curious article. Our American free trade contemporaries might do well to leave off even for a day their outrageous praise of English polity and inquire into the condition of England's Australasian and almost free trade colonies. If free trade, or next door to it, is such a good thing for them, how does it come to pass that they are so anxious to be annexed to a high tariff country that lies at the opposite side of the globe from them? Or why, in the name of all that is natural, do not the editors of those lost to all commonsense-and-patriotism free-trade-sheets emigrate without delay to Botany Bay or New Zealand? This country could easily spare them.

WELCOME HOME.

Justice John MacNamara, Pullman, has returned from a business visit to Ireland, which extended over a year and a half. He looks exceedingly well, and says that the old country never looked so beautiful, although her political condition is a sad one, and her future looks sadder still, owing to the undoubted failure of the potato crop in the most impoverished sections of the island. He says that the character of the people has greatly changed in the last twenty-five years. They have grown more independent, as a whole, but they are still largely governed by the traditional influences, both social and religious. The national spirit is strong, but there is very little resistance offered to the aggressions of landlords, except in Tipperary and a few other counties of advanced opinion. The population seemed very thin to the Justice, and he much fears that the next census, if correctly given, will show a startling diminution. THE CITIZEN is glad to welcome back Justice MacNamara to a land where men of independent mould are appreciated, and where the police "shadower" is practically unknown.

MICHAEL M'INERNEY.

Mr. Michael McInerney, of the old Town of Lake, has received the Democratic nomination in his district for the State legislature. Forthwith a howl has been raised against him, by the junior organ of his own party particularly. Mr. McInerney's only sin is that he is sincerely and aggressively an Irish Nationalist, and has never been ashamed of his colors. He is honest, sober, industrious, intelligent and in every way a good American citizen, which is more than can be said of some of his accusers. He has not denied his country or his creed, nor has he made mammon the sole God of his existence. All this barking at the heels of Mr. McInerney is simply the outcome of bile and bigotry. THE CITIZEN, as an independent paper, has pleasure in saying th's much of Michael McInerney, as a man. With his politics it has nothing to do.

MR. WILLIAM J. ENGLISH, the well known Chicago lawyer, has been visiting the continent of Europe. He calls the city of Vienna "the Chicago of the East."

THERE is severe rioting at Southampton, England. Several of the mob have been wounded by bayonets and many soldiers have been injured.

MESSRS. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and John Dillon will sail from Ireland for America some time this month.

MAD WITH THE EDITORS.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Sept. 11, 1890.—*Dear Sir:* I have noticed of late in some Chicago daily papers unwarranted attacks on the Irish-Americans, in both a personal and a general sense. I am an old citizen, am Independent in politics, and a believer in eternal justice. I am also learned in the records and so forth of the renegade Irishmen, some of them disguised Orangemen or shameless apostates, who do the dirty work on the Chicago press. I hate hypocrisy of every kind. I hate upstarts, renegades, money changers and worshippers of mammon. If the scandalous attacks upon my people continue, I will be constrained to ask you for space to castigate and lacerate some of the Democratic and Republican editors of this town.

A TIPPERARY STONE THROWER.

[NOTE—THE CITIZEN, in the interest of fair play, cannot refuse its talented correspondent the space he asks for, if necessity should arise. It only stipulates that he shall confine himself to parliamentary language.]

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

AUDACIOUS TINKERS.

An outrage is reported to have been perpetrated at Cloggo, county Kilkenny. Two young women, the wives of tinkers, are said to have entered the farmhouse of a man named Reddy, and finding his wife alone in the house, seized and robbed her of £35. They then decamped. Mrs. Reddy pursued them to a village named Kilmacow, where, the outrage being reported to the police, the women were arrested. The money was not found.

THEY LOVE TOMMY ATKINS.

At a meeting of the Carlow town commissioners a communication was received from the office of the adjutant general, Dublin Castle, stating that the request of the Carlow town commissioners to have troops stationed in town during the coming season was noted for consideration when the redistribution of the cavalry in Ireland was made at the termination of the summer drills on the Curragh.

THEY NEED IT!

The town commissioners of Carlow have ordered large quantities of carbolic acid to disinfect the public sewers.

A SOBER PEOPLE.

There were only two cases of drunkenness at Athy petty sessions, arising out of the boat races, when thousands of people were in town spending the day. One of the cases was a "cracked" poet, and he was let off with a caution.

GOFF IS EXCUSED.

At the last meeting of the Newbridge, county Kildare, National League a letter was received from Mr. Goff, J. P., apologizing for his action in being a party to the fining of some boys for cheering in the streets for the Clongorey prisoners. The apology was accepted.

NO WONDER THERE IS A BLIGHT.

It is reported that a Hell-fire Club is to be established for gentlemen in connection with a ladies' Cricket club in Birr.

MANUFACTURING CRIPPLES

A number of boys were recently playing in the graveyard at the rear of St Audoen's church, and on the appearance of a policeman they scampered over the walls and two of them got on to St. Audeon's arch and dropped into the street. One of them, a boy named William Baker, aged 8 years, got both of his legs broken, and caused a compound fracture, endeavoring to make good his escape. Another little fellow named Richard Byrne, aged 8 years, also dropped from the wall, but limped home on one leg. His parents found him late in the evening in great agony and brought him to Jervis street hospital, when it was found his left leg was broken. Later on a third boy named Peter Bond was also brought to the hospital suffering from a severe injury to the bone of the neck. He alleged that he got a slap in the jaw from a policeman when playing in Great Strand street.

STRADBALLY NATIONAL LEAGUE.

A meeting of the Stradbally "suppressed" branch of the Irish National League was held on the 15th ult., convenient to the town of Stradbally. The Rev. M. Brennan, P.P., presided. The following officers and committee were elected for the current year: President, Rev. M. Brennan, P.P.; vice president, Dr. Thos. Higgins, F.R.C.S.I.: treasurer, Rev. John Foley, C.C.; secretary, Mr. Thomas Timmins. Committee, Messrs. Denis Shaughnessy, John McLaughlin, Patrick Timmins, Jeremiah Lacey, John Molony, John Dunne, P. Slator, Joseph Shortall, Rathmore; John Whelan, George Williams, Garrons; James Scully, Ballyrider; James Dooley, Peter Shortall, John Scully, Garryaddock; and John Ferrell, Tullyho.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

Baltinglass and Mountmellick unions have joined the scheme for an industrial school at Donaghmore for training the juvenile inmates of the workhouse.

RANTERS HAVE A ROARING TIME.

At Arklow six young men were sentenced to a month's imprisonment, with hard labor, for assaults in connection with the recent open air religious services which have given much offense to the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the town. There was great excitement in the crowded court house during the hearing of the cases. When the sentences were pronounced one of the defendants, named Treacy, sprang from where he stood at the table to the proximity of the Rev. Mr. Hallowes, and as he alighted on a barrier lifted his arm as if in menace, when a gentleman named Evans, to prevent the assault which he believed was going to be perpetrated, pushed them backwards, and a stalwart policeman then secured him, after a struggle on the floor of the court house. Mr. T. J. Healy, solicitor, Wexford, was engaged for the defense. The prisoners arrived at Wexford in charge of a large force of police, and were lodged in jail.

PUBLISHED A PRETTY NOTICE.

The following appeared in the Dublin *Daily Express*:

"Boycotting notices were again posted up and otherwise widely circulated in and near Tipperary at an early hour this morning, pointed in very large and heavy type. The following is a correct copy of one:

"'Boycott! Boycott!! Boycott!!! Smith Barry, the cowardly and base exterminator, is still sided and assisted in Tipperary by the following paid hirelings All faithful Irishmen are requested to treat them according to their actions, and any person holding any communications with them will have to take the consequences which must naturally follow: George Rutherford & Sons, flour and meal merchants, Main street, Tipperary; Mrs B.M. Greene, grocer, Main street; John Harvey, tobacconist, Main street; E. H. McCraig, grocer, Main street; Michael O'Donnell, bandmaster and publican, St. Michael's street; Charles Pease, watchmaker and jeweler, St. Michael's street; James Shaw, publican, St. Michael's street; Elly O'Driscoll, publican, Main street; Patrick Cranley, butcher, St. Michael's street; Mrs. T. Cranley, butcher, St. Michael's street; William O'Neill, publican, People's Hotel, Davis street; John Ryan, baker, flour and meal merchant, Main street; Thomas McGrath, baker, Main street; James R. Sadlier, farmer, Brookville; Mrs. White, Greenrath; Messrs. Quinlan & Ryan, farmers, Carrow; Mrs. and Willie Sadlier, Carraclough; T. T. McCormack, "Crusher," Cerdangan. Your attention is requested earnestly to the following small fry, who are as antagonistic and detrimental to the people's cause as their capacity and energy will admit: Patrick Clifford, newspaper vender, Bridge street; ex Jailer Lanigan, Police Pensioners McGovern & Collins, Abbey street; Johnny Barry, Murgasty Cottages; Bessy Casey, Spittal; Mrs. Byrne, emergency woman, and Martin Davis, no place particular.'"

WILL GO OUT OF BUSINESS.

The Banagher distillery company is about being wound up. This will throw a great many persons out of employment.

SERGT. FOGARTY'S EVIDENCE.

Hats off to the Royal Irish Constabulary. Here is a report of a case at Knocnagoshell, county Wexford: Magistrate—Well, Sergt. Fogarty, what have you to say against the prisoner? Sergeant—Constable Dunne and myself were out on patrol duty on the morning of the 5th, when we saw two men in the distance, disguised, and we "tuk" them to be engaged in a conspiracy. Magistrate—Well, what then? Sergeant—I says to Constable Dunne, "Halt," and he did, and the men ran away. Magistrate—Well, what then? Sergeant—I says to Constable Dunne, "Advance two paces to the front;" and he did. And they were still running away. Magistrate—What next? Sergeant—I says to Constable Dunne, "Bring your musket into position, and be ready to take aim;" and he did. And they were still running away. Magistrate—What occurred then? Sergeant—I says to Constable Dunne, "Call upon them for the first, second, and third time in the queen's name to halt or you'll fire;" and he did. And they were still running away. Magistrate—What happened then? Sergeant—I says to Constable Dunne, "Fire;" and he did. And they were gone. I then proceeded to the prisoners' house and arrested them. I gave them the usual caution, and they said they knew nothing about it. Magistrate—Well, is that the case for the crown? Sergeant—Yes, your worship. Magistrate—Then I discharge the prisoners.

MUNSTER.

THE MANDEVILLE MEMORIAL.

Mr. William O'Neill, of No. 39 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, is at present engaged in preparing a design of the national memorial to be erected at Mitchelstown to the memory of Mr. John Mandeville and the three victims (Lonergan, Shinnick, and Casey) of the police outrage at Mitchelstown on Sep. 9, 1887.

VINCENT IS PLEASED.

At a meeting of the National League, held in Dublin, Mr. Vincent Scully, in recognition of the stand which was made in Limerick on Aug. 17, declared that he had settled a property valued at £600 a year on Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Harrington, to be used at their direction for the furtherance of the National cause.

AN EXPLANATION DEMANDED.

At the last meeting of the Cashel League, a complaint was made against Mr. Barry, solicitor, for defending an emergency man at last petty sessions, and it was decided to "demand" his explanation before taking any further steps.

ALLEGED MURDER.

A magisterial inquiry was held at Cahir before Mr. Fennelly, J.P., for the purpose of taking evidence against a man named Michael Fanning, who is charged with the murder of his mother-in-law, Margaret Lonergan, at a place called Barramora, near Cahir, on Aug. 15. Witnesses deposed that they saw prisoner on the evening of Aug. 15 in company with the deceased at Barranora, on the road leading from Cahir, that they saw him knock the woman down and kick her, and that she was bleeding about the face. On being asked if he had any statement to make the prisoner said he was so drunk that he did not know who he met. He was returned for trial at the winter assizes.

LEFT-HANDED FREEDOM.

The mayor of Clonmel, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. P. O'Brien, the mayor of Waterford, Capt. O'Toole; the mayor of Wexford, Mr. Walsh, of the Wexford *People*; Mr. Frewen, Tipperary; Mr. Morton, secretary English home rule union; Mr. and Mrs. Byles, Miss Borthwick, London; Miss O'Brien, Liverpool; the mayoress (Mrs. Condon) and Mr. and Miss Cullinan, Bansha; proceeded to the jail to visit Mr. John Kelly, who is undergoing a sentence of four months' imprisonment under the coercion act. At the outside gate of the jail they were all peremptorily refused admission except the mayor of Clonmel, whose position as a visiting justice entitled him to enter. Mr. Dillon and the other members of the party sent their names to the governor of the jail, but word was sent out that they could not be admitted.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., visited Clonmel on Aug. 26 for the purpose of receiving the freedom of that ancient borough. The ceremony came off in the council chamber of the town hall. The members of the corporation wore their scarlet robes of office. The mayor, Mr. T.J. Condon, M.P., occupied the chair. The members of the corporation of Clonmel present were: Alds E. C. Hackett, Bet j. Wright, J. H. Lonergan, P. Nugent, and E. Cantwell. Town Councillors W. Kelleher, James Byrne, Wm. Prendergast, Thomas Cashin, P. O'Keeffe, Thomas Russell, J. F. Slattery, P. Condon, C. Fitzgerald, T. Halley, J Belshaw, W. Geary, D. Sheedy, James White, David O'Connor, John F. O'Brien, town clerk; S. A. Brunicardi, town inspector, and E. O'Donoghue, borough treasurer. Among those also present were the mayor of Waterford, Capt. O'Toole; Patrick O'Brien, M.P.; W. P. Byles, Bradford *Observer*; Mrs. Byles, Miss Bothwick, London; Miss O'Brien, Liverpool; the mayoress, Mrs. Condon; Miss Cullinane, Bansha; E. J. C. Morton, English Home Rule Union; John Cullinane, Bansha; Frank Mandeville, Carrick on Suir; R. J. Frewen, P.L.G.; P. J. Maher, Clonmel;

W. J. Murphy, Dr. Kennelick, Clonmel; Martin Button, P. Magner; Michael Kane, Thomas Walshe, Cashel *Sentinel*; Dean Mahony, Sydney; J. J. Long, *Nationalist*; J. E. O'Mahony, New Tipperary *Champion*, and others.

MEETING IN BANTRY.

A very enthusiastic meeting was held at Ballydehob for the purpose of giving expression to the feelings of the people of that district upon the action of Mr. Marmion in leveling the houses of some of his tenantry on the islands in Schull harbor. The Rev. J. O'Connor, P. P., Schull, occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance. Mr. James Gilhooly, M.P., was present.

REFUSE TO ACCOMMODATE POLICEMEN.

Notices have been served on several publicans in Cashel—Miss Quirke, Miss Hennessy, Miss Hanly, Mrs. Maunsell, Mr James Dargan, Mr. Jamieson Stewart Hallet, Mr. M. Dargan, and Mr. Patrick Condon—to the effect that their licenses will be opposed at the licensing sessions to be held in Tipperary next November, on the usual (stereotyped) grounds that their houses are not "well conducted," and that their owners are persons of "bad character." Most of the parties thus treated are car owners as well as publicans, and refused to supply cars to the police.

LOST THEM IN THE DARK.

An encounter between a patrol of police from Kilfenora — Constables Shea and Denny—and a party of armed Moonlighters took place at Cahermonsne, one mile from Kilfenora. The patrol, hearing several shots, rushed up saw the parties at the house of a small farmer named Henry O'Neill, and fired on the party, who returned several shots. The police followed, but lost sight of them, the night being dark.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

A man was found between Thurles and Loughmore on the railway track, one of his legs and one arm being completely severed. The unfortunate man was a farmer in the district, named Michael Egan.

A LARGE FUNERAL.

A Tipperary correspondent says the funeral of Mr John Godfrey, T.C., whose premature death caused such widespread regret in that town, was attended by several thousand people from a radius of ten miles around the town. Mr. David Sheehy, M P., came specially to represent the Irish Parliamentary party.

SUCCUMBED TO HIS INJURIES.

The old man John McNamara, a small farmer, who resided at Kilkee, near Ruan, who has been an inmate of the county infirmary since June 23, succumbed to the injuries inflicted on him on the night of June 22 last by a party of moonlighters.

SUSPENDED IN THE AIR.

Mary Morrissey, aged 24, living in the upper appartments of a three story house at Charlotte's quay, Limerick, attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself out through the window. Fortunately for her the window sash fell on her arm before she had got her body through, and somehow it managed to hold the unfortunate woman suspended in the air until a timely rescue was effected.

THE MACROOM OUTRAGE.

One of the prisoners, Michael Collins, has confessed that he threw the vitriol on poor Maggie Sullivan at the instigation of Patrick Lucy, and his statement, read at the adjourned magisterial examination, has caused a profound sensation. The man says he had taken a good deal of drink when he committed the outrage. As to the girl, she, poor victim, is said to be sinking fast, and one of the doctors attending her is suffering from blood poisoning on account of the vitriol working its way into the system through a finger cut.

A MIDNIGHT SCUFFLE.

It appears that two policemen, while engaged in watching for a party of moonlighters near Boherbee, who were expected to visit a farmer's house in the district, were themselves taken for moonlighters by the occupants of the house, who went out to meet them, armed with such weapons as they could seize on the instant. A scuffle ensued, and the police and inmates both complain of assault.

TO SAVE THE TARRY SAILOR MEN.

A craft carrying a Baptist seamen's missionary rides for the first time in the history of the world upon the bosom of the noble Suir at Waterford.

A BRAVE BANDON BOY.

After the ordinary petty sessions business had been transacted at Bandon Mr. R. Clear, one of the adjudicating magistrates, said he had received from the Royal Humane Society a testimonial for a young lad named Thomas Gallagher for saving the life of a little girl named Nora Larkins. The chairman (Lord Bandon) handed the testimonial to the gallant little fellow, and said that his act was one that deserved worthy recognition.

EDMOND RETAINED POSSESSION.

Messrs. Hodder and Cronin, resident magistrates, presided at a Coercion court, at Youghal, for the purpose of disposing of the charge against Edmond Foley, a Ponsonby campaigner, of having retained forcible possession of a farm at Knockmonales, on the Ponsonby estate, from which he had been evicted in April last. It was proved that Foley, who is about 60 years of age, was found in occupation of his dwelling house after being evicted, and that he refused to yield up possession to the landlord's representative when requested. The sentence imposed was three months' imprisonment with hard labor. The defendant gave notice of appeal and was allowed out on bail.

DAVITT WILL GIVE IT A PUSH.

The work of spreading the organization of Mr. Michael Davitt's Federated Labor Union is now being actively pushed forward in the counties of Cork and Limerick. Mr. Davitt will soon visit some of the centres of the organization so as to give it a stimulus.

WHO KILLED THE GOATS?

A young man named James Harinett, the son of a respectable farmer, was arrested by the Cloyne police on the charge of maliciously wounding and killing three goats, the property of Daniel Curtin, farmer, Lissanley, near Cloyne. It appears that the goats' heads were severed from their bodies, and were found by Curtin near his farm-yard gate. Traces of blood were found near the place. Harinett was arrested on suspicion and brought before Mr. Coppinger, J. P., Midleton, and remanded. He was subsequently admitted to bail. Is this a new version of the peeler and the goats?

MISCELLANEOUS.

At the last meeting of the Kildysart guardians Mr. Daniel McNamara, relieving officer, read a batch of eviction notices al the suit of the Marquis of Conyngham and Mr. Marcus Keane, against John McMahon, John McNamara, Daniel Moloney, Mary O'Dea, Patrick Sexton, and John Cleary.

Mr. Parnell is now in Wicklow for the grouse shooting on his estate.

The death is announced from Limerick of Mr. Gamelial Fitzgerald, for many years agent over the Dunraven estate.

Mr. John Powell, editor of the *Midland Tribune*, has been released after undergoing a week's imprisonment out of the six months to which he was sentenced at Birr.

Mr. H. T. Wright, Clonakilty, sessional crown prosecutor for Cork, has been appointed crown solicitor for the city and county of Cook, vice Mr. William Verling Gregg, resigned.

At a meeting of the Mandeville Memorial committee it was announced that the head of the firm of Messrs. P. J. O'Neill, sculptors, Dublin, is at present engaged in preparing a design for the memorial.

An excursion train on the Lartigue line, from Ballybunion to Listowel, met with an accident which, fortunately, had no fatal result. Three of the wagons toppled over and fell from the line to the ground, a distance of about a foot.

CONNACHT.

CHARGE AGAINST A POSTMAN.

Thomas Molloy, posiman for the district between Ballinasloe and Kilconnell, via Aughrim, was arrested on the charge of abstracting money from letters entrusted to him for delivery.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS

The Galway harbor commissioners have entered into a contract with the Galway Electric Light Company for the lighting of the docks for three years, and the harbor is now lit by electricity.

DISAPPOINTED.

There is a general disappointment that the construction of the Ballina and Claremorris line of railway cannot be proceeded with until after the grand jury are called together in November to pass the necessary presentment. People look upon this as virtually putting back the work until the following spring, when employment will not be nearly so much needed as during the late autumn and winter months.

ANXIETY ABOUT THE POTATO

During the past few weeks the ravages of the potato blight have been developed to a great extent throughout the Castlebar section of the country, and are causing widespread anxiety among the farming classes, as the potato crop was their chief and staple commodity.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

A meeting of the Boilick, county Roscommon, branch of the Irish National League was held in a private place on Aug. 24, Mr. J. Scott, the president, in the chair. The members who attended were Messrs. J. Keane, M Shanaher, W. Carlos, D. Flynn, J. Veasy, J Rabbitt, M. Beirne, P. McGreevy, and J. Finan. The following resolution was unanimously passed: "That we condemn in the strongest and most emphatic manner the conduct of two landgrabbers—namely, Owen Kilbride and Nannie Hand, and we call on them to resign the grabbed holdings of land to the owners, J. Madden and M Shanaher, as they were marked for them by the landlord's surveyor; we also call on them to resign their cards of membership."

A STRANGE STORY OF A WATCH.

At the Galway Petty Sessions a most extraordinary case came on for hearing. It appeared from the evidence that while attending the funeral of the late Lieut. Trotter, of the Welsh Fusiliers, a local merchant, named Michael Walsh, lost his watch among the crush which took place on entering the cemetery gate. He communicated the matter to Sergt. Kirwan, of the Dock station, and that officer succeeded in tracing the missing watch to a young man named Torrington, who, on being charged with having the article in his possession, admitted the fact, and stated that he found it hanging on one of the back buttons of the coat worn by Mr. O'Halloran, proprietor of the Shaftington Arms Hotel, who was also at the funeral. Mr. O'Halloran, on being examined, corroborated this statement, and said he told Torrington to keep the watch, as most probably the owner would advertise its loss. Torrington acted upon this advice, but, instead of advertising the loss of the watch, Mr. Walsh reported to the police that it had been stolen, the result of which was that Mr. Torrington was made a prisoner, and remanded on bail. The magistrates, however, felt satisfied that no act of larceny was intended on the part of Mr Torrington, and he was discharged without a stain on his character.

Rev. Peter Kyne, son of the late Mr. Peter Kyne, of Ballyglass, county Mayo, sailed for Australia on Aug 15.

At the Ballintober petty sessions John Mooney, Ballinaheglish, was fined £5, and the conviction recorded on his license, for allowing persons on his premises during prohibited hours.

Mrs. Dominick Henry, of Clonascool, died recently, at the age of 51.

ULSTER.

TORY ISLAND SIGNAL STATION.

On Aug. 26 Lloyd's new telegraph signal station on Tory Island, the first land sighted on the voyage from America by the North Channel, was opened by the Duchess of Abercorn.

CHARGED WITH ASSAULT.

Thomas Duncan, Charles McCormick, James Morrison, John Graham, Cornelius Duff, Daniel Dolan, and Hannah Martin were returned for trial to the recorder's court, Belfast, on a charge of assaulting Constable J. Sleator in Edward street on the 10th ult. The prisoners were admitted to bail.

NEWRY PORK TRADE.

The crisis in the pork trade still continues the principal subject of comment among farmers and townspeople alike. The proposal of Mr. Willis, town commissioner, at a meeting of the town board, to establish a limited pork curing company in Newry, has met general approval in face of the deadlock in the pork trade here, and within a few minutes after the meeting of the commissioners the guarantee for £5,000 towards the project was given by commissioners and others.

PROBABLY CAUSED BY HARSH TREATMENT.

The case of Peter Callaghan, one of the Chatham prisoners, deserves the instant consideration of the home secretary. Mr. Blane, M. P., who visited this man at his request, has brought out an alarming report as to his condition. One eye is completely blind, and the sight of the other is rapidly failing. The man is in hospital, but his treatment does not appear to do him any good. Callaghan was sentenced to penal servitude for life for alleged complicity in the explosion at the gas works in Glasgow, and he has now served seven years. He is a native of Crossmaglen, county Armagh. During his interview with Mr. Blane he was not permitted to discuss his prison treatment, the deputy governor, Capt. Clayton, having cautioned both himself and Mr. Blane that no reference whatever would be permitted to that question, inasmuch as it had formed the subject of an inquiry already. Mr. Blane thinks the man will be totally blind in a few months it not released.

DROWNING FATALITIES.

The body of a respectably dressed middle aged man was found floating down the river at Coleraine. On an envelope found in a pocket was the following address: "Mr. Samuel Gibson, Myroe, near Limavady."

A young lady who was a French governess to the children of Mr. Bleketon Houston, D L, was drowned near Ballywater. She was a good swimmer, but ventured too far out.

A sailor named Scott has been drowned in Dundrum Bay, off the county Down coast.

IRISH CATHOLIC NEWS.

The ancient and historic town of Kildare was, on Aug. 24, the scene of a pious pilgrimage, the occasion being the religious celebration of the sixth century of the foundation of White Abbey, in 1290, by William de Vescy.

The Rev. M. Darcy, Kilbarron, has succeeded Rev. P. O'Mally as curate in Killasdangan, and the Rev. M. O'Brien, Kildysart, has replaced the Rev. J. McMahon (appointed P P. of Silvermines) as curate of Nenagh.

The Bishop of Limerick has withdrawn the clergy from the governing body of the St. Michael's Temperance Society, of which his Lordship was for many years director, during his curacy in the parish, as the members decided to take part in the demonstration in honor of Mr. Dillon. The Rev. Dr. Hallinan, C.C., has been the vice president.

Among the passengers who embarked recently at Queenstown on the White Star steamer Majestic, for New York, was the Right Rev. Dr. Rondoler, Bishop of Helena, Mont, U S A. He is returning from the Eternal City.

The following clerical changes and appointments in the diocese of Down and Connor have been made by his Lordship Most Rev. Dr. McAlister:

Rev. G. Conway, P P, Carnalough, to be P. P., Glenavy; Rev. P. McKenna, P. P., Portrush, to be P P., Newtownards; Rev. E. Owens, Adm., St. Joseph's, Belfast, to be P P., Carnlough; Rev. John McDonnell, C. C, St. Patrick's to be P.P., Portrush; Rev. James McIlvenny, C. C., St. Malachy's, to be Adm., St. Joseph's; Rev. John Quinn, C C, St. Peter's, to be C.C., St. Malachy's; Rev. Francis McBride, C C, St. Malachy's, to be C.C., St. Peter's; Rev. George Crolly, C. C., Lisburn, to be C C, St. Malachy's; Rev. Roger O'Kane, C C, St. Mary's, to be C.C., St. Patrick's; Rev. R. J. Murphy, C. C., Lisburn, to be C C, St. Mary's; Rev. H. Beatson, C.C., St Joseph's, to be C.C., St. Paul's; Rev. E Quinn, C C, St. Paul's, to be C.C, St. Joseph's; Rev. A. Stuart, C C, Glenarm, to be chaplain, Ballynafeigh; Rev. J. Greene, C. C., Castlewellan, to be C. C., Lisburn; Rev. J. O'Flaherty, C.C., Saintfield, to be C.C, Castlewellan; Rev. J. Lennon, C.C., Duneane, to be C C, Lisburn; Rev. A. Tully, C.C., Newtownards, to be C.C., Duneane; Rev. D. Heaphy, C.C., Carnlough, to be C C, Newtownards; Rev. Patrick O'Connor, C C, Tyrella, to be C C, Carnlough; Rev. Daniel M'Donnell, C.C., Ballymacarrett, to be C C, Upper Mourne; Rev. M'Cambridge, C C, Upper Mourne, to be C.C., Ballymacarrett; Rev. P. M'Gill, C.C., Crossgar, to be C.C., Culfeightrin; Rev. P. Boyle, C.C., Culfeightrin, to be C.C., Crossgar; Rev. W. Murphy, C.C., Ballycastle, to be C C, Ballymena; Rev. Hugh Macauley to be C.C., Cushendall; Rev. T. McCotter, Maynooth, to be C C, Tyrella; Rev. F. Diguey, Maynooth, to be C.C., Ballymacarrett; Rev. C. McDonnell, Maynooth, to be C.C., Lisburn; Rev. T. Rogers, Maynooth, to be C C., Glenarm; Rev. Jos. O'Neill, Maynooth, to be C.C., Ballycastle; Rev. Peter Moore, Maynooth, to be C.C., Saintfield.

Local Catholic News.

The Rev. Father Cashman left last week for a brief visit to Europe.

There will be a fair and festival in the Sacred Heart parish, beginning Sept. 20.

A mission will be opened in St. Bridget's church next Sunday by the Redemptorist Fathers.

The Sunday evening lectures for the season in the Holy Family church will be opened next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, by the Rev. Father Weisman, S.J.

The Most Rev Archbishop ordained the following gentlemen to the priesthood on Sept. 6, in the Cathedral: Messrs. Melody and Finn of this city and Kueirny, of Peoria. Mr. Slevinski was made subdeacon.

"St. Joe," Mich.

An enthusiastic, because youthful, correspondent has sent THE CITIZEN some account of St. Joseph, alias "St. Joe," Mich., as a summer resort. He was eloquent on peaches, apples, the steamer City of Chicago, the pretty girls, the pleasant landlords, and so on; but he gives the palm of excellence to the Hotel Whitcomb, owned by Mr. H. E. Bucklew, of this city; managed by Mr. S. R. Snow and clerked by Messrs. T. F. Garvin and Benjamin Snow. Our correspondent considers "St. Joe" the most delightful of summer resorts.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

RECENT IRISH MARRIAGES.

Aug. 23, at St. Kevin's, Marlborough Street Cathedral, by the Very Rev. Canon Brady, P. P., V. G., Cookstown, Charles E. A. Hart, Abergavenny, to Annie, daughter of the late Edward Morrin, Cookstown, Ballytore.

Aug. 23, at St. Mary's parish church, Edward D. Hewetson, Esq, Lough Veagh House, Churchill, Letterkenny, High Sheriff County Donegal, to Maria Louisa (May), only daughter of the late John Smyth Watkins, of Eden House, Glenties, County Inspector, R.I.C, and niece of the Recorder of Cork.

Aug 20, at Duncairn Church, Belfast, Richard D. Crotty, B.A., barister-at law, resident magistrate, Fortwilliam, Virginia, county Cavan, to Agnes White, daughter of the late Hugh Rea, Esq, of Belfast and Londonderry.

Aug. 18, at St. Agnes' Church, Coralstown, by the Rev. P. Flynn, brother to the bride, Edward Holdright, Killucan, to Maggie, only daughter of Bernard Flynn, Coralstown, Westmeath.

Aug 8, at St. Colman's Catholic Church, Cloyne, county Cork, by the Rev. J. O'Riordan, C.C., George, second son of Thaddeus Ryan, North Circular road, Dublin, to Bride, youungest daughter of the late Matthew Magan, Ballivor, Athboy, county Meath.

Aug. 20, at St. Kilian's Church, Mullagh, county Cavan, by the Rev. Luke Carroll, P.P, James Tormay, Mullagh, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Thos. Russell, and niece of Nicholas M'Kenna, Mullagh.

PERSONAL.

Mr. P. B. Kiely, of Marshall Field & Co's, has gone on a vacation to Ireland.

THE most obstinate cases of catarrh are cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, the only agreeable remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. For cold in the head it is magical. It gives relief at once. Price 50c.

Sallow and leaden-hued complexions soon give place to the loveliest pink and white, when the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is persisted in, and cosmetics entirely abandoned. Nothing can counterfeit the rosy glow of perfect health, which blesses those who use this medicine.

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C, B & R R, will sell, on Tuesdays, Sept 9 and 23, and Oct. 14, Harvest Excursion Tickets at *Half Rates* to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. Eustis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels

GRAND

Free Excursion

AT 1:30 P. M.,

Every Day This Week

FROM

S. E. GROSS' MAIN OFFICE

TO

"MAGNETIC"

GROSSDALE,

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A SUCCESSFUL WORK.

Mr. Finerty's "Warpath and Bivouac" Reaches a Second Edition Within the Space of Four Months!

Complimentary Comments by the American, British and Irish Newspapers.

THE SECOND EDITION.

The success of "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux" has been almost phenomenal. Almost all of the first large edition has been disposed of, and a second edition will be issued about Sept. 15. All who desire to possess a volume, which has won the plaudits of the American, German, English, Scotch and Irish press, should give their orders at the earliest possible date. The subjoined press opinions—selected from hundreds of others—will be read with interest:

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic. In such a war there can be no non combatants, and the author was often in danger, and once, when entrapped with a scouting party, in extreme peril. The general movements of the troops, the marches, encampments and battles are well narrated. We learn all that is likely to be known of poor Custer's last combat, which no white witness survived to report. * * * Fortunately for himself and his readers, Mr. Finerty has escaped these varied dangers to give the public his very readable and commendable book.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Within the next ten days the same savage foe overwhelmed Custer not more than twenty miles away. What is known as the Sibley scout, a reconnoissance of about thirty men that fell in with an overwhelming war party in the Tongue River country, is perhaps the most thrilling episode described. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead with thirst made their road down They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

THE SILVER CITY.

The moment the traveler puts his foot in Merida, the capital city of the state of Yucatan, he finds himself on ground that teems with the associations of many centuries. Merida lies in the very center of the district now famous for its vast production of henequin, and as a city it can easily be classed in the same category with Mexico's capital. With a population of 80,000 souls, it is thirty miles from the gulf coast, and is connected with the port of Progreso by a line of railroad which runs a daily train between the two cities. Very little overland traffic is engaged in between Merida and the City of Mexico, owing to the wild nature of the country.

My object is not to describe the city of Merida, but to give a truthful version of one of the strangest stories that it has ever been my fortune to hear in this strange country—a story that I have every reason to believe to be true; one that by the merest chance came to my ears, and as it was only yesterday that I sat in the cozy sitting room of the fine old house on the hacienda of my old friend, Don Pepe Garcia, the words and facial movements of the narrator are as vivid in my mind as if it had been my death sentence that I had listened to instead of a story straight from the lips of a gray haired, age stricken Maya Indian servant attached to the hacienda. That it sounds more like an extravagant romance than a Nineteenth century relation I will admit, but the location of the swamp mentioned later on is almost as well known to me as The Times building in Kansas City, and, if the expression of a man's features can serve as an indication of whether or no he is telling the truth, then I would side with Don Pepe in accepting as the truth the story which he, his wife and your correspondent listened to last evening.

Senor Garcia is a well known Yucatan haciendado, one of the wealthiest men on the peninsula. We were sitting on the piazza of his magnificent country home enjoying the cool breeze that blew across the broad henequin fields. Our conversation turned from the wonders of the country that lies north of Mexico to his own native state of Yucatan, and thinking of the strange ruined cities that lie within this Mexican state I asked him for some information regarding them. Hardly had the question left my tongue when he called to his wife, who was sitting inside the house, and ordered some coffee. Turning to me he said: "You ask of ruined cities and ancient civilization. Wait till you have heard Pancho's story and then we will talk."

Hardly had he ceased speaking when Pancho appeared, bearing a tray laden with coffee cups and a steaming pot of the aromatic beverage. As he placed the tray on the table and stepped aside with respectful deference I noted that he was an intelligent looking Maya Indian some 60 years of age, tall, well formed, as are all the Mayas, and with an eye that sparkled and glowed in spite of his advanced years. The thing that most attracted attention to his face was a long, hideous scar which extended clear across his forehead, and which seemed to have been made with a red hot iron, for the flesh appeared seared and scorched and the central portion of this frightful wound seemed to have sloughed away and left the very thinnest kind of a skin to protect the skull. All of this I took in in a moment, and ere I had time to speak my host turned to the old man and said: "Pancho, tell us the story of that scar on your forehead for the benefit of our guest, who wishes to hear it."

The eyes of the old mozo glistened as he complied with the request, and as we sipped our coffee and sat there in the soft southern twilight I heard this strange story told in liquid, eloquent Spanish and with an earnest manner that made a deep impression on me. Here is the translation, word for word:

"Senors, that scar on my forehead was made by a poisoned arrow shot from the bow of a Chan-Santa-Cruz Indian, just eighteen months ago, and to tell you the story of it I must commence by telling you of the swamp which hides from the world the Silver City.

"South of the city of Merida, as you know, lies a vast tract of marshy land known as the Black Swamp. Into this swamp the feet of a white man have never trod, or if they have the world has never known of it, for the winds that blow from this field of death allow no one to reach the borders of it alive.

"It cannot be reached from the south on account of the extremely dangerous rocks that line the seashore, and as I have never heard of any one who has passed through the experience I am about to relate I believe that I am the only Indian of a distinct tribe whose eyes have beheld the sacred city of the Chan-Santa-Cruz Indians.

"You are aware, as is every one, that these Indians have never been conquered by the Mexican troops, and that the bleached bones of many a brave Mexican soldier lie whitening along the border of the dismal swamp which is the home of these Indians.

"They have successfully resisted every effort at capture, and they are no more under control at the present moment than they were fifty years ago, and I think they never will be. The troops are always engaged in a struggle with them, but it is of no avail. The skirmishes invariably result in a heavy loss for the troops, for the poisoned arrows used by the Indians are more deadly than the modern bullet, as to a certain extent I am aware.

"It is well known in Merida that the Chan-Santa-Cruz Indians have access to gold somewhere, for at any store you can buy the yellow dust and strange golden ornaments that are brought in by Indians who are on peaceful terms with these fierce warriors. But no one has ever been able to follow one of these Indians in order to find the location of what must be an immense gold deposit. They have been followed to the borders of the dismal swamp, but there they disappear as silently as if the earth had opened and swallowed them.

"My curiosity had been aroused by these strange stories and I determined to follow the first Chan-Santa-Cruz squaw that showed her face in Merida. One bright morning just eighteen months ago I was standing in the plaza in Merida waiting for an order from my master to take a load of henequin down to the coast to be shipped by steamer to America when I noticed an Indian woman pass me, and the strange, startled look in her eyes immediately attracted my attention. She passed and repassed me and my eyes never left her. She was alert and watching, and more from her movements than from her face I knew that she was a Chan-Santa-Cruz. I dogged her footsteps all the day long, and as night came on and she started out toward the Kantunil road I was on her track. She passed swiftly out through the southern gate of the city at a sharp pace, at every step turning to see if she was being followed. I kept well in the rear, but never lost sight of the dim figure trudging ahead of me. The night being dark I was not discovered, and for hours we glided along the silent country road.

"During the early part of the night we passed Sotutu and Toholop, and at midnight we skirted the village of Noyaxche. She had the endurance of a lioness, for never for a moment did she stop even for a slight rest, but sped along in a manner that would have wearied a younger man than myself. Toward morning we passed Konot and Kampolkoche, and my heart beat with excitement when, after passing the last named place, she started across country in the direction of Chan-Santa-Cruz, the town that lies close to the border of the swamp.

"Hardly had we left the silent houses of Kampolkoche behind when to my surprise I found that I was following two figures instead of one. The newcomer was a man, and evidently the husband of the woman, for they continued on in company, and, in order to be more secure, I fell a little behind.

"I was now in a quandary, for we were rapidly approaching the dreaded swamp, and I could smell the damp rank breeze that blew from its mysterious depths.

"I had no time to lose in speculation, so after a moment's thought I determined to go on. Streaks of dawn began to appear in the sky just as the two figures plunged into the dark depths of the swamp, and, so as not to lose sight of them, I increased my pace. In doing so I must have lost my caution, for, turning a short bend formed by the trees, I saw within ten paces of me a stalwart Chan-Santa-Cruz Indian.

"His bow was drawn taut and the arrow was pointed straight at me. I stopped and turned, and as I did so I felt the most agonizing pains across my eyes, and the last I remember before losing consciousness was a feeling that all the fires of hell were in my veins.

"How long I lay in this condition I know not. When I regained my senses I found my clothing torn and blood stained, my feet were covered with mud and slime, and my face felt hot and caked with blood and dirt. I must have wandered around during my delirium, for when my mind became clear I found myself in a place that was entirely new to me—a spot that I could not remember ever having seen before.

"My head ached terribly and my throat was parched with thirst. After climbing a tall cocoa palm and drinking the milk of several nuts the pain in my throat subsided a little, and as my brain became clearer the idea suddenly dawned upon me that I was lost in the dismal swamp. The thought was one calculated to inspire in me extreme terror, for I knew full well that no man, with the exception of a Chan-Santa-Cruz, had ever been known to leave the place alive. While meditatjng on my position a strange imagination occurred to me. Could it be that I had been wounded by a poisoned arrow and had the poison so permeated my system as to render it innocuous to the deadly miasmas of the swamp? I placed my hand to my head and my fingers came in contact with the terrible open wound made by the arrow. Tearing away a piece of my cotton shirt I bandaged as best I could the wound, and then I looked about me for a means of escape. By this time all desire had left me to discover the hidden supply of the gold dust, and the thought uppermost in my clouded mind was to devise some means of escape from my perilous position.

"Huge, hissing, wriggling serpents glided past my feet as I made my way through the dense undergrowth, and the woods seemed fairly alive with grinning, chattering monkeys. Beautiful birds of brilliant plumage flitted from tree to tree, and had it not been for the shiny black pools that at every step yawned grim and terrible at my feet I could have imagined myself in Paradise. As the sun's rays glinted from the topmost branches of a tall palm the idea occurred to me to climb a tree and find, if possible, what direction to take to get out of the swamp. Suiting the action to the thought I climbed a huge cypress tree, and now, senores, I only ask as a recompense that you believe what I tell you.

"As I reached the topmost branch and climbed out on a huge projecting limb I found that what I had taken to be the direct rays of the sun was only the reflection from some brilliantly dazzling object, which at first I could not make out, so blinded were my eyes. I gazed long and steadily at the mysterious thing, and when my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the glare I saw a sight that has never for a moment faded from my memory since that memorable morning. Glistening and shining in the morning sun, flashing a thousand rays of glorious light into my wondering eyes, was what I can only term a "silver city" was what I can only term a "silver city" spread out before my gaze; not over a quarter of a mile away was the most superb panorama my eyes had ever rested upon. Lying snugly ensconced between a low range of mountains, completely covering the broad green bosom of a picturesque valley, rested a city so ravishingly beautiful that at first I thought it must be the city of the gods. No praise could be too sweepingly extravagant in describing this enchanting spot. The city did not appear to cover a vast tract of ground, but as far as I could judge it must have been the home of some ten thousand of people. The streets appeared to be regularly laid out and graded, but a curious thing which attracted my attention was that every square contained only one house, and this house seemed to be constructed of marble and looked more like a strange temple than a dwelling house. Immense pillars supported strangely shaped roofs, and apparently endless flights of stone steps led down from each house to the street, while huge carved stone animals rested on blocks of the same material at the foot of each flight of steps. The whole city seemed a collection of massive towers and ancient looking castles, parapeted walls, ornamented cylindrical columns, and a maze of helices, arches and strange looking cornices.

"That which most claimed my attention was a dazzling blaze of light reflected from the conical tower of what appeared to be a huge place of worship. At first I thought it must be a market place, for the lower portion of the edifice was open on all sides and an infinite number of tall pillars supported a tremendous steeple, which formed a perfect cone as it rose in the air. It was some time before my eyes could accustom themselves to the intense light reflected from this tall cone and permit me to make out the details of this wonderful palace. When I did make out what it was I was for the moment struck dumb with astonishment, for I saw that the roof of this grand building was covered with a glistening white metal, and this metal appeared to be silver. The wave of light that was reflected from its symmetrical sides was something grand, sublime, awful. A multitude of persons were moving around among the tall pillars, and from one side of the huge building poured a dense volume of black smoke.

"This at once struck me as coming from a sacrificial altar. The people were dressed in white, the flowing toga worn by the women much resembling that worn by the Maya Indians. The faint notes of an exquisitely toned bell stole faintly on my strained ear and filled the dark, dank depths of the swamp with a strange melody. In view of the dilapidated state of the ancient Spanish architecture of Mexico it would be taxing your credulity if I should tell you of the symmetrical proportions and noble architecture that characterizes the edifices of this silver city. With my limited vocabulary it would be utterly impossible for me to describe to you the marvels that my eyes beheld.

"The city rested, as I have said, on a level plain between two chains of very low mountains. Not a sheep browsed on the green sides of these hills, and not even a dog polluted the white streets of this enchanted spot. The people appeared to be busy, for outside of the temple they thronged to and fro like on the streets of our own Merida, offering sacrifice to a strange deity.

"As is always the case in Indian villages, this sumptuous temple stood on the summit of a small, symmetrically shaped mound, and from the clouds of smoke issuing from its sides I inferred that a sacrifice was at the time being offered to the mystic deity of this strange people.

"Nothing could be more grand than the view which stretched away beyond this majestic pile. Toward the north as far as the eye could reach rested a bold barrier of rugged hills, seemingly reared expressly by nature to protect from sacrilegious eyes the fair proportions of this enchanted region. Far away to the south the blue waves of old ocean plunged and rolled in their mad rush to kiss the pebbly beach of the distant southern islands, and to the west was the low range of mountains, their green sides ribbed and torn by yawning chasms, their peaks tinged with a delicate turquois blue that made them appear like jeweled scepters in the hands of the 'god of air,' Quetzalcuati, ever ready to smite to the earth the intruder of this his last and most sacred domain.

"The architecture of this city differed from the prevailing styles in Merida, and appeared more like that of Uxmal, Chichen-Itza, Xoxchilcalco and Palenque.

"A fact that appeared strange to me was that not an animal was in sight, and look as I might I could not discover one.

"The streets were filled with Indians, but the main attraction seemed to be the temple.

"As my fever cooled and my brain grew clearer I began to examine things more minutely, and I noticed that this city had an air of cleanliness and elegance in strange contrast to Merida. Every part of the place reflected a shimmering wave of white, and not a speck appeared to mar the perfect alabaster whiteness.

"How long I gazed on this glorious sight I know not, but the sun was setting in the west when I perceived an Indian leave the silver city behind him and follow a small beaten path that led from the former place into the swamp in which I was concealed.

"I was faint from the loss of blood and lack of food, and I remember dimly of making up my mind to follow this man, who I suspected was going to Merida.

"He came into the swamp and passed within 100 feet of where I was concealed, and as he passed me I slipped down from my position and dogged his footsteps.

"I must have followed him with the cunning of an insane man, for the next thing I remember was five weeks later, when I found myself under the roof of my master, who sits by your side, and who nursed me through a severe attack of brain fever.

"I have never told this story to any one but my master, for fear of being ridiculed, but, senores," and here the voice of the old man vibrated with intense earnestness, "that is the story of the wound on my forehead, and I will stake the remaining years of my life that the silver city exists, and that my eyes have beheld it."—Kansas City Times.

TWILIGHT.

A dull gray sky
O'er which swallows fly,
And sweeps of meadow parched and dry,
The twitter of birds,
The lowing of herds,
And a rift in the clouds in the west.
The sough of the winds
In the sun scorched pines,
Then the moaning of doves and the whippoorwill's cry,
The echo of wheels
In the mown hay fields
And the day with a quiver's at rest.
—Youth's Companion.

CHILD WIVES IN INDIA.

Behramji Malabari's Fruitful Attacks on the Land's Great Evil.

The name of Behramji Malabari deserves to be known and respected in England as that of a native Indian who is doing good work in social reformation. He is one of the oldest and at the same time most temperate assailants of the greatest social curse of India—infant marriage. In a pamphlet which he has published he invites English women to realize, if they can, the meaning of such expressions as "infant marriage," "baby wife," "girl mother," "virgin widow." As we explained the other day, if a "wife" becomes a "widow" even while she is still an infant a widow she must remain all her days.

The most ill fated of these child wives are of course those who become wives not merely in law but in fact at ages varying from 10 to 12. "Girls of 12 and 13," writes Mr. Malabari, "have to bear the burdens of wifehood and motherhood," and he adds that "not a few of these married martyrs succumb to the shock of the first childbirth." This horrible, this hideous practice of child marriage explains most, if not all, of the poverty and the misery—the physical and moral degradation—to be seen in hundreds of thousands of native Indian families. One of the worst forms of girl marriage is known as "marrying girls to the gods," which practically means slavery of body and soul to priests, great numbers of whom live upon the immorality of their girl wives. This dreadful custom of child marriage is one which the legislature that had the courage to abolish suttee has been afraid to meddle with. It was universal. To uproot it would have seemed like uprooting native society.

But the custom is doomed, nevertheless. And its extinction will come about in a way not the least flattering to the rule of the English. The condemnation of child marriage is coming from the people themselves. Its disappearance will not be the work of a day, but when it does come it will be a splendid tribute to the benign civilizing influence of England in the east. Mr. Malabari's own countrymen, the Parsees of Bombay, have for years been laboring in the good cause with a zeal and intelligence which it would be difficult to over praise. We have already described how the native barbers of Bombay have pronounced against the cruel custom. The educated and intelligent natives of Madras are petitioning for fixing the minimum age of girl marriage at 14 years. Nor should it be forgotten that some of the native chiefs are not only theoretically in favor of reform, but have introduced it of their own free will and without any recommendation from the supreme government. The intervention of the supreme government has been chiefly confined to collecting evidence on the question throughout the length and breadth of India, and to the distribution of papers to the local administrations.—London Daily News.

Picturesque Heligolanders.

The national costume is not yet discarded in this Arcadian isle, but it is generally reserved for holidays and Sunday. Women look demure in red petticoats fringed with yellow, dark jackets, aprons of snowy white and black poke bonnets. As a fact, however, the bonnet is seldom seen except on dowagers, the headgear of young women being a light colored shawl, worn Spanish fashion. The men wear top boots, blue trousers, white linen "jumpers" and sou'wester hats. But even they are seen more often in a quiet, conventional dress of some serviceable stuff.

A bride's toilet is surpassingly strange, the chief feature being a tall hat or crown, elaborately ornamented with pins, and from which falls a fringed mantle. Even her personal finery, however, is secondary to the trappings of the bed, which is decked by herself and her friends in the bridegroom's house. The whitest of linen, plenty of lace, and doubtless a mountain of feathers, go to make it sumptuous. Guests are bidden by the lovers together, in person. After the marriage ceremony in the church the party repair to the new home and partake of a national cake, eaten with a sauce of sirup and melted butter. When the merry making is over the whole party go in procession over every street on the island. More eating and drinking and dancing and at last home.—C. Emma Cheney in Scribner's.

The Gift of Talking Well.

The art of conversation is to some women a gift. Like the poet, they are born with their glorious powers. But many women who converse intelligently and pleasantly have become masters of the art by patient care and study. Even persons of ordinary ability will find upon making the effort that where it is not a gift no other deficiency can be so well supplemented by art. For the untutored there are three old rules which may not prove amiss. Talk to men on the subject which belongs to their peculiar callings, talk about those things which interest yourself, assuming also that they interest your listener, and make it a point to inform yourself upon a variety of topics; never be guilty of introducing in a mixed company a subject upon which all may not be able to converse. There is a wonderful faculty in drawing people out, in making the stranger and the timid feel at ease, in putting questions so skillfully and adroitly as to compel them to answer as though they were conferring a favor on you, not you seeking to entertain them; but here the rule of good breeding is the best to follow.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Negro Minstrelsy.

"The old fashion of minstrelsy is not in demand except in a few of its features," said Lew Dockstader. "Negro minstrelsy has advanced and is more refined. Perhaps the progress made by the negro himself has had something to do with this change. The negro of today, as we find him in the cities, is not the negro of twenty years ago. He is getting to be a property holder, a man of education, with ambitions like a white man. To find a negro of the old fashioned stage pattern you will have to go into places remote from cities and railroads. Some of the old fashioned negro comedians will ever be remembered. There was poor Billy Manning, the greatest I think I ever saw. He was born witty, and had the quaintest, richest humor. I saw him last in St. Louis a little while before his death. We got up a benefit for him. He had consumption and was dying on his feet, but as genial and witty as ever. Ad Ryman is an old timer who is still in the business.

"Carncross is well off in Philadelphia. Dixey has retired. Bernard is worth $400,000 or more, and is dabbling in real estate in New York. Duprez is running a hotel in Lawrence, Mass., and his former partner, Lew Benedict, is yet in the minstrel business. Matt Wheeler is in Brooklyn, dealing in real estate. Billy Emerson, still a wonderful singer, is with the Cleveland minstrels. Minstrelsy has given many bright men to the drama, opera and orchestra. William Castle and Theodore Thomas have both been negro minstrels, and so has P. S. Gilmore, who is yet bright enough to work a good amount of minstrelsy coloring into his music. Joe Murphy, who was great in minstrelsy at one time, has made a fortune as a comedian in Irish characters, and Joseph K. Emmet, who was also a minstrel, is wealthy as 'Fritz.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Dealer in Ideas.

There is in a pretentious office building in New York a gentleman with a serene and humorous cast of face, an erect figure and a smile that is as much identified with his countenance as are his drooping glasses and elusive blonde mustache. His name is James Goodwin, and he is a creator of ideas. He sells the ideas in the rough, makes a capital living and works on contentedly, without a trace of yearning for fame, yet the fame of many caricaturists and artists in New York belongs by right to him. Artists and newspaper illustrators are almost entirely destitute of humor, taken all in all, although there are one or two exceptions. The majority of them have the ability to draw cleverly, but the inventive and humorous faculties are not included in their mental and artistic make up. These men Mr. Goodwin supplies with ideas. His sketches are made roughly on brown paper and forwarded to different artists regularly every day. One week no less than nine pictures in the comic papers were inspired by the creator of ideas, although they are all signed by the names of prominent caricaturists in very large, black and prominent letters. Mr. Goodwin declares, by the way, that the artists lack assurance more than ability, and that if they only knew the trick they could create an idea as easily as he does it for them. But they do not seem able to find out the Goodwin secret.—Chicago Post.

Sympathy.

Let us cherish sympathy. By attention and exercise it may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impressions of virtue; and without it there can be no true politeness. Nothing is more odious than that insensibility which wraps a man up in himself and his own concerns, and prevents his being moved with either the joys or sorrows of another. This inhuman temper, however common, seems not to be natural to the soul of man, but to derive itself from the evil habits of levity, selfishness or pride, and will, therefore, be easily avoided by those who cultivated the opposite habits of generosity, humanity and good nature. Of these amiable affections the forms of common civility and the language of polite conversation are remarkably expressive; a proof that good breeding is founded in virtue and good sense, and that a kind and honest heart is the first requisite to an engaging deportment.—New York Ledger.

To Color Canary Feathers.

It has long been known that giving cayenne pepper to canaries has had the effect of producing a red tint in their feathers. The birds do not always like the taste, but Saurmann, in studying the chemical and physiological changes involved—for the fact is often referred to by Darwinians—had incidentally shown that the coloration can be effected without the burning effect of the pepper. Treating cayenne pepper with alcohol, he dissolved out the pepperine and the trioleine, having only the coloring matter left. This, however, when mixed with food, failed to produce any color effects. He then tried mixing it with an oil containing much trioleine, and the coloring effects on plumage followed. He noted the birds took it without repugnance, while the scientific fact he gained was that the coloring matter by itself cannot be absorbed, but in conjunction with the trioleine it can.—Hamilton Spectator.

Feminine Cigar Dealers.

There are fifty-six feminine cigar manufacturers and dealers in snuff, tobacco and cigars in this city. Among them are Mrs. Cohn, of Hester street; Lena Banks, of Clinton street, and Mrs. J. L. Bosenger & Louisa Meyer, of East Eighty-ninth street. Mrs. Weingarten, of Broome street, makes a specialty of snuff and tobacco, which she manufactures with the help of a young son, two plump, pretty, peachy looking daughters attending to trade.

Mrs. G. B. Miller's name is immortal, although that very estimable lady has been gone hence these many years. The factory is owned by a stock company, who would not take a wagon load of money for Mrs. G. B. Miller's name.—New York World.

American Enterprise in Africa.

The example of the United States in recognizing the flag of the International Association, now the Independent State of Congo, was followed by all the powers of Europe, and under this name, with the assent of the Belgian government, it entered into the family of nations, and its illustrious founder is carrying on effectively a model government in the interests of civilization and freedom. Several Belgian companies have been organized and are developing its resources, the principal one of which is a railroad company with $5,000,000 capital, now engaged in building a railroad around the cataracts, a distance of about 260 miles, from Matadi to Stanley Pool.

As the American flag, borne by Stanley, was the first one displayed to the natives in his voyage of exploration down the river, so the American flag was the first displayed on the waters of the Upper Congo, leading the vanguard of commerce. The Sanford exploring expedition, organized the 28th of June, 1886, launched the Florida, the first commercial steamer on the waters of the Congo, after a year of laborious effort in transporting it, mostly in sixty pound parcels, on the heads of some two thousand porters. This was followed by the little steamer New York, and at the expiration of its term of two and a half years was taken over by the "Belgian Company of Commerce on the Upper Congo." On the 9th of July, 1887, was formed the Belgian Company of Commerce and Industry, which is the parent, so to say, of the five or six Belgian Congo companies, all successfully working there. To show the growing popularity of Congo enterprises, held in such disfavor when the Sanford exploring expedition was formed that only one-third of its little capital of 800,000 francs could be obtained from Belgians, it may be stated that at a recent increase of capital of the Haut Congo company to 3,000,000 francs the public subscription was covered threefold.—Col. Henry Sanford in Forum.

Chloroforming Wild Turkeys.

Jim White owns a patch of ground near this place. The surrounding forest abounds in wild turkeys, and in the spring old Jim spends most of his time hunting their nests and occasionally capturing the birds alive. This he accomplishes in a novel manner, yet the process is much more matter of fact than sportsmanlike.

He first discovers the turkey's roosting place, and then, under cover of darkness, he fires a brush heap near the tree, which he has previously prepared, and while the turkey's attention is attracted to the flames Jim creeps up to the tree with his appliance used for making the capture. This consists of several sections of strong bamboo rods, jointed like a fishing rod, and may be extended twenty or thirty feet in length. At the top end is secured a saucer shaped vessel, over which a small bottle is fastened, neck downward. To the cork is attached a cord, which runs the entire length of the rod. The bottle is then filled with chloroform, and under cover of dark shadows Jim noiselessly elevates the drug to within a short distance of the turkey's nose. He then pulls the string, causing the cork to withdraw and allowing the drug to fall into the vessel. The fluid is at once inhaled, and the bird presently drops to the ground stupefied.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A WOUNDED KNAPSACK.

Two Stories by Veterans of the Fight at Bloody Chickamauga.

Of all the reminiscences of Chickamauga's iron hailstorm Jim Brotherton's experience was the hardest strain on credulity. Jim was fighting "the best he knowed how." He was in the thickest of the assault on Snodgrass Hill. As he charged across the road and over the field toward the Dyer farm Jim caught a glimpse of the house he was born in. But valor did not make Jim forget discretion. He took advantage of all the pine trees he could when going into and coming out of the fight. On his back was strapped his knapsack, and over the knapsack was rolled his blanket. The two made a hump which projected beyond the trees behind which Jim took temporary shelter. When Jim unloaded his knapsack and blanket the night after the battle he found that thirty-seven bullets had penetrated it.

"Yes, sir," said Jim, looking the reporter straight in the eyes. "Thirty-seven bullets had gone into my blanket and knapsack—thirty-seven bullets and two buckshot. If I had that blanket and knapsack now I wouldn't take $1,000 for it. After the battle I gave them to mother and told her to keep them for me until I came back from the war. But you know how it is when folks is moving around. Things get lost. I don't know what became of the blanket or knapsack."

There was only one veteran who told a story which approached that of Jim Brotherton in picturesqueness. He was Private Sinnatt, who came all the way from Virginia to attend the reunion. Private Sinnatt was particularly anxious to meet and renew acquaintance with some of the Twelfth Georgians. A big man of the Twelfth Georgia saved his life, Private Sinnatt said. He explained how. When he got into what seemed to him the hottest place he had ever found, Private Sinnatt lay down behind a tree which wasn't more than eight inches through, and made himself as small as possible.

While he lay there wondering how long it would be before he would be hit, a strapping fellow from the Twelfth Georgia grabbed him by the leg, lifted him from behind the tree and lay down where he had been. Sinnatt says the Georgian was about twice as big as he was. He couldn't lick him, so he made the best of a bad situation, crawled up close behind the Georgian and kept quiet. It wasn't but a few minutes until a bullet struck the Georgian and killed him. Sinnatt lay still behind the body, which stopped fifteen bullets before the wave of battle passed on. That is why Private Sinnatt says he will always cherish a kindly feeling for the Twelfth Georgia.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Wonderful Snow Plant.

One remarkable flower of the Sierra Nevada range is that fragile and paradoxical wonder, the snow plant, known to the botanist as the sarcodes sanguinea, meaning "blooded flesh." Nothing was ever more exquisitely beautiful than this rosy, snow tinted botanical oddity, which has the appearance of being a crowned hyacinth. It grows from eight to twenty inches high, each separate bract, sepal and miniature bell frosted as delicately as though done by the hand of the ice king himself. Although the whole translucent spike is flushed with rose and carmine, the petals are the deepest and most brilliant parts of the flower, which is five parted, each open one plainly showing the little frosted stamens and pistils.

The Long expedition (one of its members being the original discoverer of Sarcodes) found one or two specimens of the plant bearing eight perfect flowers, one of them having a false bulb twenty or more inches in circumference, shaped like a pineapple and as brittle as spun glass. Hard to the touch, this pseudo bulb dried up in a few days until it was no larger than the odd looking, icicle like stem upon which it grew. Floriculturists of the Pacific slope have made many unsuccessful attempts to cultivate the snow plant, the bulbs being too brittle to stand transplanting, and the seeds refusing to grow.

It was once supposed it would not survive below the line of perpetual snow, but this idea has lately been proved to be erroneous. One thing is sure, however, it makes its early growth while covered with many feet of snow, blooming as soon as the bud is exposed.—St. Louis Republic.

Mining Onyx.

Mexican onyx is a form of stalagmite, and its colors are formed by oxides of metals in the earth over the caves through which calcareous water passes. Gold is represented by purple, silver by yellow, iron by red, copper by green, and arsenic and zinc by white. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes have almost destroyed the caves in which only onyx exists, and the native Indians who mine it have to cut through masses of ruins. Blocks of the material are quarried in a primitive way, in order not to shatter the substance.

Deep round holes are drilled by hand on a line. In each hole is inserted a snugly fitting piece of wood, which has been grooved from end to end. Hot water is poured into the grooves at night. This swells the wood, and the block is split along the line without damage. The natives then saw the blocks into slabs and polish the surface by hand. Each piece is semi-transparent, and when placed between the eye and a strong light presents a remarkably beautiful effect in form and color.—New Orleans Picayune.

Safe from Observation.

Stranger (stealthily slipping into the store)—I notice, Mr. Mudd, that you have discontinued your advertisement in the local papers, and I've called to——

Merchant Mudd—Yes; I've made up my mind that advertising doesn't pay, so you needn't waste any——

Stranger—Sh! I'm not an advertising solicitor. My name is Tascott, and I would like to get a job to work for you.—Chicago Times.

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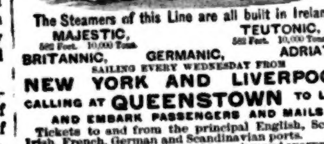

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 365 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 183 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Joe A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 383 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusse, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Wabansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Somitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kriaga, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas: Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 785 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C Orane, R S, 381 Orchard st; R E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas: Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian) — F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 158 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, RS, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, CR, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2528 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin.Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 652 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 373 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin.Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin.Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 3736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcareo. Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st, V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 716 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 186 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHerna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Biren; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Danl Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.

Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.

Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

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Treasurer, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A O'Connor; State Medical Examiner, Dr. McIlroy, Sixty-third st, and Wabash av, Chicago.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.

County Delegate, John Bigane, Brighton Park, Ill.

County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.

County Treasurer, Phill. Dolan

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres. Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3525 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 198 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavel, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill Cent. R. R., South Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec., John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, 550 W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran; treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer avs; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. L. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 3 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

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Vice-President, Walter J. Gibbons, 180 North Franklin-st.

Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N Carpenter-st

Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 42 Pine st.

Marshal, J. Doyle, 229½ E. Huron-st.

FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meet second and fourth Friday each month at O'Neill's hall, 679 W. Lake-st. Pres., P. E Hickey, 461 W. Indiana-st.; V.-P., George P. Ellis; Rec.Sec, R. J. Ford, 670 W. Ohio st.; Fin Sec., M. J. Kennedy; Treas., Wm. Close; Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Joseph Gubbins.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at hall 227 and 229 West Harrison-st., on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p. m. President, C. Cummins, 11 Gurley-st.; 1st V.-P., J. J. Daly; 2nd V.-P., Peter Reed; Sec'y, J. Cummins, 11 Gurley-st.; Ass't Sec'y, James Hackett, 95 Gurley-st.; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 3 p. m. Thomas Croak, President, 98 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. J. Foley; 2nd V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 519 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Ass't. Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hayes; Marshal, R. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1878. Meet at their hall corner May and Eleventh-sts., the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. Pres., P. J. Doyle, 714 Loomis-st.; V.-P., S. Riordan; Sec., P. M. McCaffrey, 505 W. Twelfth-st.; Asst. Sec., D. W. Murphy; Fin. Sec., J. E. Cooney; Treas., J. W. Prinderville; Marshal, M. F. Carroll.

SACRED HEART T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets in basement of church, first Sunday every month at 4 p m. John A. Byrnes, President; John J Griffin, V-P; James W Griffin, Secretary, 339 S Halsted st; John Jennings, Ass't Sec; Patrick Griffin, Treas; James Lynch, Marshall.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY OF ST. PATRICK'S—President, J J O'Grady, 108 Emerson av; V-P, W J Anderson, Fin. Sec, Dennis L Harmon; Rec. Sec, Thomas Garrity, 41 N Carpenter st; Marshal, Thos Roche; Sergt-at-Arms, F P Meehan; Spiritual Director, Rev P J Hickey. Meet second Monday and last Sunday each month.

ST. PIUS' T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized 1874. Meets the first Sunday of each month in School hall, corner of Ashland-av. and Twentieth-st. President, John D. O'Sullivan, 176 Moore-st.; V-P, T McEnany; Cor Sec, E Quinn, 664 W Twenty-first st; Fin Sec, Wm Devereux, 730 W Twenty-first st; Treas, John Foley; Marshal, Thos Meagher; Spiritual Director, Rev E Muldoon.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

John Syrne, Pres.; O. G. Smith, V.-P.; J. H. Carmody, Rec Sec; John Shannon, Fin Sec; P. J. Kennedy, Treas; John Tobin, Knight Com; P. F Davoren, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet in Horan's Hall, cor Halsted and Harrison sts., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 8 p m.

Catholic Knights of Illinois.

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St. Mark's Branch, meets 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month in the Brothers' school hall, cor. Adams and Desplaines sts., at 3 p. m. President, J. C. Croke, 140 S. Morgan st; V.-P., P. J. Rowan, 126 S. Desplaines st.; Rec. Sec., John J. Donahue, 178 Sebor st.; Fin. Sec., John Carey, 229 S Robey st.; Treas, R. McDonough, 118 W Madison st.

ST. GABRIEL'S BRANCH NO. 323—Meet the first and third Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in school hall, corner Forty-fifth and Wallace sts. Pres. Austin J. Kilkenny, Trans House; V-P, J. C. White; Cor Sec, D. J. Fair; 430 and Emerald-av; Fin Sec, J. F. Molony; Treas, J. B. Hartnett.

St. Stephens Branch, No. 117, C. K. A., meets on the third Sunday of every month, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the reading room attached to St. Patrick's church, Desplaines street. The following are the officers for the current year:

President, Edward McCormick; vice-president, John Conway; recording secretary, Mark Sharkey, 346 North Wood street; financial secretary, M. A. O'Brien, 344 Wabansia avenue; treasurer, Patrick Dolan, 235 North Clark street. All information regarding the association be had by applying to any of the above.

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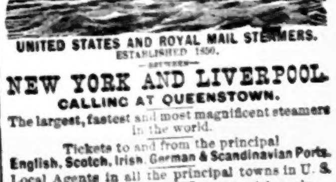

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GOLD DUST 24 CARATS FINE.

Kept in a Table Drawer at the Government Printing Office.

Seven thousand dollars' worth of gold dust in a table drawer! Poke your fingers into the yellow stuff and notice how soft and agreeable to the feeling it is, while the attendant in charge watches you carefully and sees that you do not get away with any of it. It is smooth to the touch because it is all composed of gold beaters' film, rubbed to almost impalpable powder. For the same reason, too, it is absolutely pure and virgin metal, twenty-four carats fine.

The drawer is in charge of a pretty young girl at the government printing office. Her work there is to stamp gold lettering and ornamentation upon book covers. The precious substance comes to her in the shape of little rectangular sheets of foil inexpressibly thin, laid between layers of tissue paper made up to book form, each book holding twenty-four gold sheets. Handling them is a matter requiring great skill, though you might not imagine it from casual inspection. To begin with, say the young woman places on the table before her an ordinary leather book cover. She takes from the little gold book a sheet of the foil, not with her fingers, but by catching it up with a small pad of raw cotton.

Laying down the sheet of pure yellow gold upon a little slab, she cuts it into three pieces with a sharp knife. She makes it smooth by blowing gently upon it with her breath. One of the pieces she applies to the back of the cover where the title is to go; another she also puts on the back where the name of the author is to be, while the third biggest piece is spread over the middle of one flap of the cover, where an ornamental design is wanted.

The operator is very careful in rubbing off the loose gold after each stamping, so as to lose none of it. As she uses the leather tipped stick she permits the yellow stuff to fall through a crack in the table top into the drawer beneath in the shape of dust. It is allowed to accumulate there until the drawer is full. The drawer is quite big and deep, and will hold $10,000 worth of the dust. You would not imagine it to be any very precious substance if you found a quantity of it in some odd place; it looks as much like powdered tinsel as anything else. However, it is worth $20 an ounce, and when a drawer full is collected the gold is forwarded to the mint in Philadelphia, which subjects it to assay and sends a check for its value.

The young woman is held responsible for the safety of the gold in the drawer. She carries the key to it about with her always, and nobody but herself is allowed access to it. There does not seem to be any reason why she should not slyly pocket a small quantity of it occasionally if she desired, though the number of books of gold foil charged against her do serve as some sort of check in the account as to the metal employed in this way.—Washington Star.

Traveling for the First Time.

A railroad engineer in Maine saw a man on the track waving at him a few days ago, and, his mind filled with the possibilities of impending danger, stopped the train. Every one was in a high state of excitement, but the man coolly boarded the smoking car without uttering a word. He looked as if he had not traveled far from his native heath, and on being questioned said: "Wal, I just waved my hand 'cos I wanted to get on the keers. I'm going ter Wells, and I never been on the keers before." He spoke, it is said, with an unmistakable air of innocence, and raised such a flood of good nature that the conductor silently took his fare, and when he landed at Wells he was loudly cheered in honor of his first ride.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Inventions for Smokers.

The inventions for smokers are so many that a division of the patent office has to be given up to them. One of the most curious pipe inventions is a rest or brace by which the weight of the pipe is taken off the teeth and rested on the chin. There are umbrellas which can be turned into pipes and pipes which can be turned into canes, and there are a hundred inventions for the cutting off of ends of cigars, some of which are probably valuable.—Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

Scratching Matches on Glass.

At a cigar stand the scribe saw a man scratch a match on a convenient pane of glass and, to his surprise, it lighted as readily as though the glass had been sand paper. To those who have been accustomed to seeing people search for a rough surface on which to scratch a match it would be rather startling. Not only ordinary matches but even the safety matches, usually unlightable except on the box in which they come, can be lighted on glass.—Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.

Scotch Character.

At a Scotch fair a farmer was trying to engage a lad to assist on the farm, but would not finish the bargain until he brought a character from the last place, so he said, "Run and get it, and meet me at the cross at 4 o'clock." The youth was up to time, and the farmer said, "Well, have you got your character with you?" "Na," replied the youth; "but I've got yours, and I'm no' comin'."—Toronto Empire.

No Flags on the Seas.

Customer—That flag you sold me must have been made of very poor stuff. It went all to pieces.

Dealer—My stars! Where did you use it?

Customer—On my yacht.

Dealer—Ah! That explains it. Material for American flags is not expected to stand salt air.—New York Weekly.

The Use of Three Common Words.

"If it be" implies doubt or uncertainty; "if it is" indicates an actual fact. The rule is: "When a conjunction indicates some uncertainty use the subjunctive after it; when anything is spoken of as an actual fact, or as in absolute existence, the indicative is used."—Writer.

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The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

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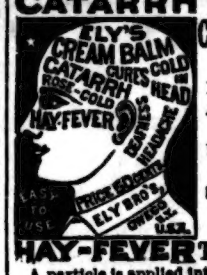

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ESTATE OF ANN LEONARD, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Ann Leonard, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. DORATHEA LEONARD,
Administratrix, with the will annexed.
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

ESTATE OF MARY J. GUERIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary J. Guerin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. JOHN GUERIN,
Executor.
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

ESTATE OF NEWRICH JONES, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Newrich Jones, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. MARTHA JONES,
Administratrix
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

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ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

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M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 CLARK-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, vs. Patrick Seery, Timothy Seery, Mary Seery, John Seery, James Seery, Thomas Seery, and Jeremiah Seery. (Administratrix sale of real estate).

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decretal order entered in the above entitled cause by said Probate Court on the 20th day of August, 1890, the undersigned, Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, will on Monday, the 29th day of September, 1890, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the East main entrance on Clark street of the Court House, in the City of Chicago, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title, and interest which the said Margaret Seery had at the time of her decease in and to the following described real estate situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot Fourteen (14) in sub block (4) in Carter H. Harrison's subdivision of Blocks One (1) and Two (2) in the subdivision of Section Nineteen (19) Township Thirty-nine (39) North Range Fourteen (14) east of the third principal meridian, with the buildings and improvements thereon, subject to an incumbrance of four hundred ($400) dollars and interest, to the said Mary Seery. No deed will be delivered until after such sale has been confirmed by the court

ESTHER SEERY, Administratrix.
Dated August 28, 1890.

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The Rev. A. Antoine of Refugio, Tex., writes: As far as I am able to judge, I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel now like myself again after taking the Tonic.
A Strong Proof.
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I was first attacked by epilepsy in November 1878; residing in New York I consulted the best physicians, but they could only arrest the disease, the honest ones told me then there was no cure for it—I was compelled to give up my occupation and return to Canada in 1876; since then I tried innumerable remedies and consulted some of the best physicians, but nothing benefited me until I began to use Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic in September '88, *since then I had not a single attack.* M. J. CLIFFORD.
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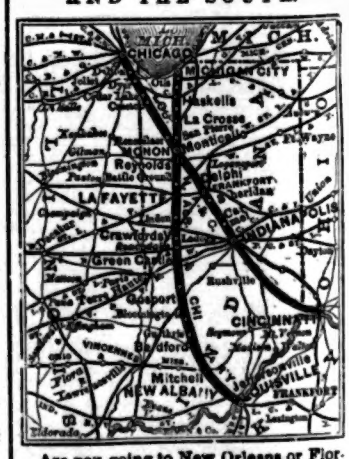

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